WHAT DRIVES THE MOVIE

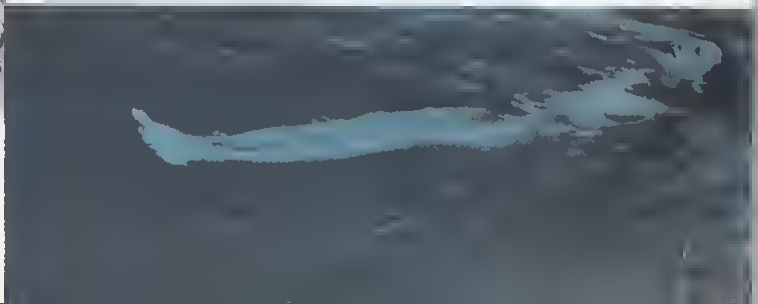
Censorial scissors around the country were widely used on this torrid scene from Ingmar Bergman's "Illicit Interlude." In most locations, however, the artistic merit of the film saved the lovemaking sequence between Maj Britt Nilsson and Birger Malmsten

CENSORS WILD!

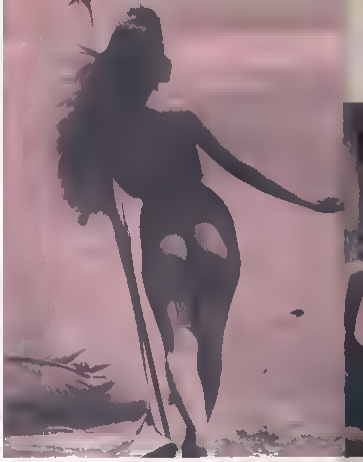
BY RALPH VESSUCIA

TO MOVIE PRODUCERS, the intriguing thing about film censorship is its fluctuation. That which starts the censors howling varies greatly from country to country from city to city, and from month to month. Once the most censored scene in the world—completely banned from the U S—was the nude bathing sequence featuring Hedy Lamarr in "Ecstacy." Yet, years before "Ecstacy" was made C B DeMille presented Claudette Colbert in the buff in a milk bath which was every bit as revealing and the scene was viewed by audiences all over the U S. And today 25 years after the baring of the Lamarr allure on celluloid nudist pictures may be viewed in theatres in almost every city in the country without censorial interference. Yet, peculiarly enough while nudity per se is accepted, nudity in certain dramatic situations is still subject to the censors' wrath. This wrath was loud indeed when nudity was combined with lovemaking in Ingmar Bergman's artistic masterpiece "Illicit Interlude." There was some justification for the scene featuring the shapely Maj-Britt Nilsson and her co-star Birger Malmsten, was actually shot in the U S after the picture was made and inserted into (Continued on p 13)

The above scene from "Illicit Interlude" also caused wide controversy—almost as much, in fact, as was caused 25 years ago by the famous scene of Hedy Lamarr in the nude in "Ecstasy." Show below, the Lamarr scene was banned in the U S at first, later was shown



Combination of sex and violence resulted in various cuts being made in the British made "Too Hot To Handle" both in U S and European countries



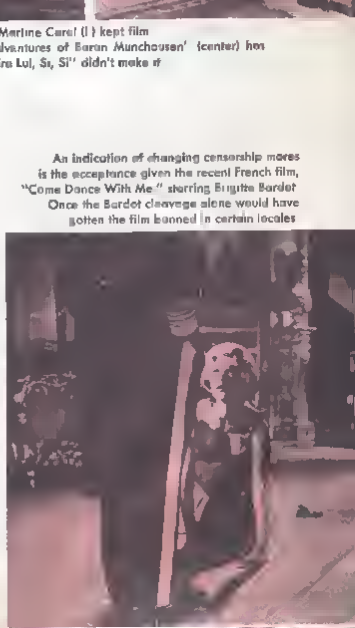
On the other hand, most censors readily accepted the nudity in the Japanese film "Artist and Model" because of the film's photographic artistry.

It was the implications, rather than what was actually revealed, which led some censors in certain parts of the country to take strong stands against the showing of a bathtub by Nicole Stephane and Edouard Dermithe in the French film, "The Strange Ones" Directed by Cocteau, the movie won many prizes abroad.

Nude bathing sequence in "Un Caprice de Caroline Chérie" starring Martine Carol (l.) kept film from U.S. audiences while an even more revealing scene in "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (center) has been passed by censors and will soon be seen here. Sophia Loren in "Era Lei, Sì, Sì" didn't make it

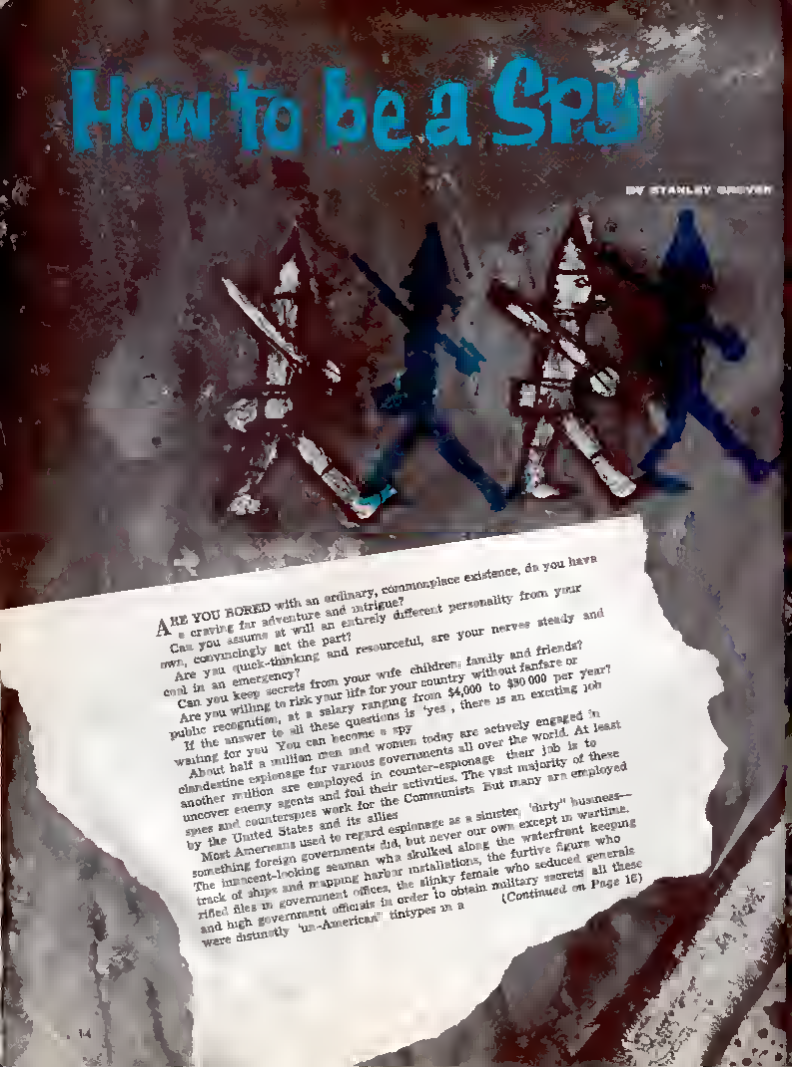
the great Swedish film with the intention of beating it up. As a matter of fact, lovemaking can be extremely censurable even when not combined with nudity. At one time, Hollywood's Production Code—the censorship it imposed on itself—banned the showing of a man and a woman in bed together even if they were married and even if there were no actual lovemaking involved. Today that rule has been relaxed, but local censors around the country still balk at any lovemaking scenes where the amour is portrayed beyond the point of kissing. Thus a film like "Room At The Top," which gained world-wide acclaim, was banned from a large Southern city because of its realistic lovemaking sequences. And Jean Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles," released under the title "The Strange Ones" in this country, could only be seen in most areas after the playful bathtub scene had been deleted. It is the foreign film-makers who most arouse the anger of U.S. censors. Yet, peculiarly enough, it is American movies which have the most censorship difficulties abroad. In countries where the censors never bat an eye at the most blatant sex scenes, the violence in certain Hollywood films may result in their being banned. In all seriousness, if Shakespeare had written "The Taming of the Shrew" as a movie it might have been banned in many U.S. cities as too sexy and in some European countries as too violent. For these are the two ingredients which most drive the censors wild—sex and violence. ●

An indication of changing censorship mores is the acceptance given the recent French film, "Come Dance With Me," starring Brigitte Bardot. Once the Bardot cleavage alone would have gotten the film banned in certain locales



How to be a Spy

BY STANLEY GROVER



ARE YOU BORED with an ordinary, commonplace existence, do you have a craving for adventure and intrigue?

Can you assume at will an entirely different personality from your own, convincingly act the part?

Are you quick-thinking and resourceful, are your nerves steady and cool in an emergency?

Can you keep secrets from your wife children family and friends?

Are you willing to risk your life for your country without fanfare or public recognition, at a salary ranging from $4,000 to $30 000 per year?

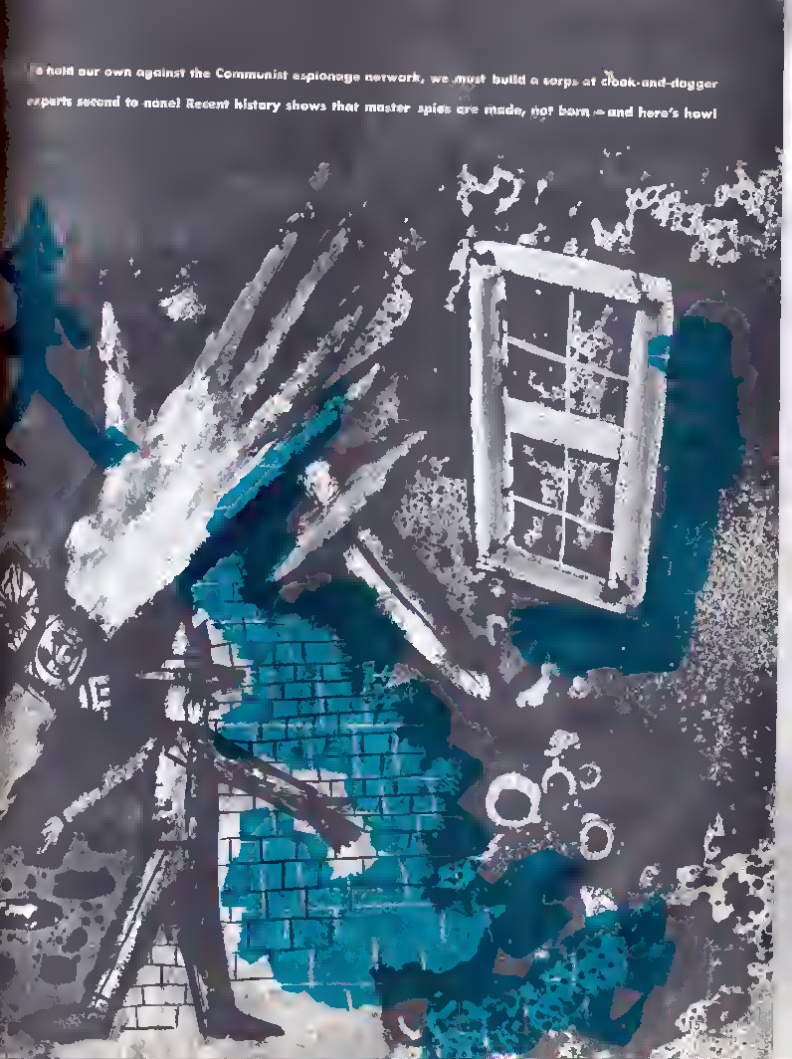
If the answer to all these questions is 'yes , there is an exciting job waiting for you You can become a spy

About half a million men and women today are actively engaged in clandestine espionage for various governments all over the world. At least another million are employed in counter-espionage their job is to uncover enemy agents and foil their activities. The vast majority of these spies and counterspies work for the Communists But many are employed by the United States and its allies

Most Americans used to regard espionage as a sinister, "dirty" business—something foreign governments did, but never our own except in wartime. The innocent-looking seaman who skulked along the waterfront keeping track of ships and mapping harbor installations, the furtive figure who rifled files in government offices, the slinky female who seduced generals and high government officials in order to obtain military secrets all these were distinctly "un-American" tintypes in a

(Continued on Page 16)

To hold our own against the Communist espionage network, we must build a corps of cloak-and-dagger experts second to none! Recent history shows that master spies are made, not born — and here's how!



HOW TO BE A SPY

two-bit novel or Hollywood thriller.

However soon after World War II we discovered that secret intelligence provided by undercover agents might make all the difference between victory and defeat in the "cold war" with international Communism. It could keep us informed as to the military and economic potential of the enemy, warn us in advance of military aggression (as in Korea), it could alert us to vital scientific developments (such as new atomic weapons), it could influence political developments in uncommitted nations (like India and the Congo) which might align their people for or against us.

So in 1947 we set up the Central Intelligence Agency to obtain and interpret military, political, economic and scientific secret information in various foreign countries. Under Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, and later under Allen W. Dulles. It became one of the leading "cloak-and-dagger" agencies in the world.

Although the CIA shrouds its operations in impenetrable secrecy, two highly-publicized recent events have partially lifted the veil of mystery from its far-flung activities.

In May 1960 Khrushchev announced that a U.S. plane engaged in an espionage mission had been shot down over the Soviet Union. We replied that one of our high-altitude U-2 jets was missing during a "triangular flight over Turkey" for the purpose of "studying high altitude wind gusts", and that the pilot "may have blacked out from lack of oxygen and strayed into the Soviet Union." A day or two later Khrushchev triumphantly revealed that the pilot Francis Gary Powers had been captured alive together with remains of his plane and equipment, and had confessed that he was on an espionage mission for the CIA.

Contrary to usual procedure in such cases, our Government then acknowledged that Powers was a spy. It admitted that the CIA regularly sent secret high-altitude photo reconnaissance planes over the Soviet Union, but asserted that such missions were vital to our security and had provided invaluable information about Soviet war preparations.

At his trial Powers pleaded guilty to the charge of collecting military information. He testified that he had been recruited by the CIA in 1956 shortly after his return from Korea, where he served as a fighter pilot in the U.S. Air Force. Ostensibly employed as a test pilot by Lockheed Aircraft at a salary (with allowances) of about $2,500 per month, he was stationed at the U.S. Air Force base near Adana, Turkey. His real job was to fly photo reconnaissance missions over the Soviet Union.

A Russian military court sentenced him to three years in prison, plus seven years detention. President Eisenhower announced that his salary would be continued during his imprisonment.

The CIA came into the limelight again last year after the disastrous rebel invasion of Cuba. It was revealed that the CIA promoted that invasion. It organized a coalition of rebel leaders in this country, directed the recruiting of invasion forces among Cuban exiles. It set up a staging area in Florida and training camps in Guatemala, supplied U.S. Army officer and cadres to train the Cuban volunteers. It provided the invaders with arms and equipment, U.S. merchant ships for transport, B-26 light bombers, tanks, etc., at a total cost of over $10 million. The invasion force was escorted to Cuba by U.S. destroyers and an aircraft carrier. U.S. Navy jet attack planes circled just off the beachhead armed and ready for action if they should be ordered to intervene.

But President Kennedy decided that the U.S. would not participate directly in the invasion of Cuba, and it failed.

In Miami agents burglarized the Cuban consulate and stole documents identifying 17 Castro spies operating in the United States. In Lima, Peru, agents staged a bold daylight robbery of the Cuban embassy and made off with secret documents implicating Castro in brazen intervention in Peruvian politics. As a result, Peru broke off diplomatic relations with Havana.

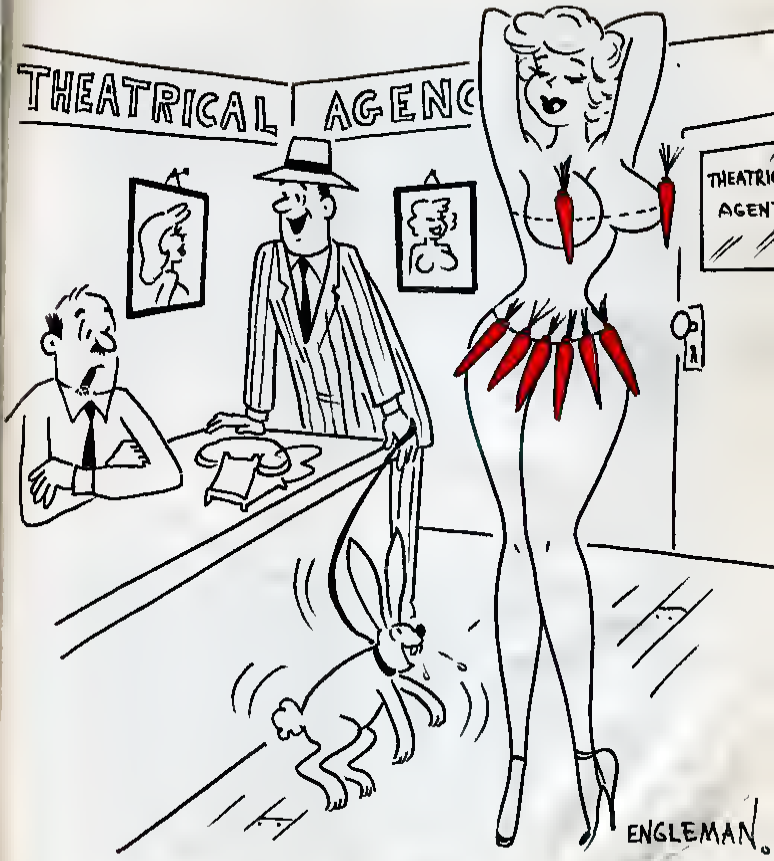
Conspicuous fiascos in secret service missions almost always get wide publicity, but successful achievements are seldom announced. For example, the role played by CIA agents in persuading high government police and army officials to defect from East to West with important papers. Or the intensive questioning of ordinary refugees by CIA agents which provides us with valuable information about military, social, economic and scientific developments behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains as well as maps pinpointing important Communist industrial centers and military installations.

Today the CIA employs about 10,000 well trained and highly-skilled operatives at its headquarters in Washington and in key spots all over the world. Many of them are specialists: engineers, physicists, mathematicians, electronics experts, economists, biologists, historians, medical men, cartographers, photographers, printers, journalists and commercial artists. Mostly it needs bright young men and women just out of college who can be trained from the ground up in the basic job of collecting and interpreting secret information.

What with normal turnover and the rising temperature of the "cold war" there is a constant demand for new recruits.

While the CIA is the principal U.S. agency in the field of secret intelligence, it is by no means the only one. Our Army, Navy and Air Force all have their own intelligence units. Although staffed mainly by professional military men, they also employed a great number of civilian personnel.

Secret agents for the Army collect data about troop dispositions in Communist and satellite nations, new developments in the outfitting and supplying of their armies, new weapons, tanks and artillery, progress in (*Continued on page 57*)



' She wears this costume made of carrots and has this trained hungry rabbit . . ."

An Experiment in Education

. . . may be helpful when it comes to bringing your wife up to snuff, but be careful what you teach her!

FICTION

BY SAMUEL MELDORF

LINDA MORRISEY was beautiful. A [illegible] auburn-haired young matron, she [illegible] more than a passing glance from the [illegible] eyed husbands of Pine Grove. Her [illegible] band George was not unaware of [illegible] she created in their suburban communi[illegible] he generally satisfied himself with a [illegible] smile and silence. If the would-be w[illegible] their circle of friends and neighbors [illegible] contented with an occasional pat on a [illegible] spot by the lovely Linda, it was fine wi[illegible] The only thing he wished was that life wi[illegible] his exotic wife was half as enticing as [illegible] seemed. The truth was—he was disenchanted and more than slightly disgusted. He had dis[illegible]covered early in his ten-year marriage that Linda was like an exquisitely wrapped package [illegible]

[illegible]t whose i[illegible] [illegible]ing [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]ns, but s[illegible] [illegible]e was l[illegible] [illegible]ses w[illegible] [illegible]ing. [illegible] [illegible] groo[illegible] [illegible] and in ex[illegible] [illegible] pair of [illegible] [illegible] them out [illegible] [illegible] able to expla[illegible] [illegible] printed in a for[illegible] [illegible]dge of cooking [illegible] [illegible] flage. In public, she [illegible] [illegible]ing mother to [illegible] two child[illegible] [illegible] she was a nagging shrew. [illegible] George Morrisey lived with her short-co[illegible] [illegible] philosophically, yet somehow kept alive [illegible] hope that some day he would unw[illegible] [illegible] perfect package.

(Continued on page [illegible]

SANTA'S WORKSHOP FOR GIRL-WATCHERS

For the men who has everything but is still busy looking, here are the girls who have everything that's worth looking at!

SCAMP

HOW TO BE A SPY

JANUARY 1967
FIFTY CENTS

XMAS SPECIAL: SANTA'S WORKSHOP FOR GIRL-WATCHERS IN FULL COLOR

FIRST LADIES FROM MARTHA TO JACKIE · WHAT DRIVES MOVIE CENSORS WILD

When Jack Frost nipping at their toes drives "girl-watchers" indoors they'll find that Santa hasn't forgotten them. And here's Charlotte Bell to prove it.

If Santa's late this year, it's because he's busy "girl watching." Reva Romann

Cindy Cole, just the Xmas sight to make any "girl watcher" glad the Yuletide season's here.

SANTA—aided and abetted by local merchants and department stores across the land—has seen to it that Xmas 1961 is marked by a gift for just about everybody. Presents for tots and teensters, for Moms and Pops, for old maid aunts and old but lively uncles, for feared bosses and despised employes — all these and others are easily gifted from the variety of Yuletide displays. But, as in previous years, one category of *homo sapien* seems to have been overlooked in the Xmas rush. We refer to the "girl-watcher." Steadfast in his ogling, loyal to his pursuit, true to his high standards throughout the year, sad is his reward when Noel rolls 'round. The very charms his orbs have been catalogung throughout the year are blanketed from his view by the Xmas snows. Fur coats, shapeless sweaters, galoshes, even leggings stand between his gaze and those attributes which make "girl-watching" worthwhile. Good will and merriment may usher in the Yule for the general populace, but to the "girl-watcher" it's a drear time indeed. This year, however, SCAMP has taken it upon itself to relieve this condition. Here on these pages are presented some truly choice specimens for "girl-watchers" designed to take them out of their hibernation and provide them with the Xmas cheer they so richly deserve. ●

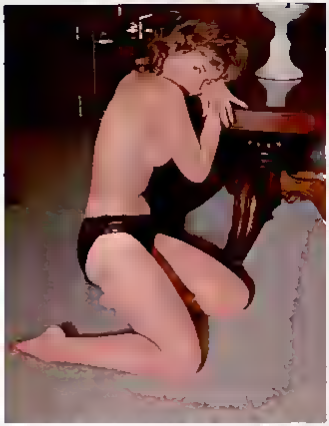
For girl watchers having a ball on Xmas Eve means gazing at lissome Shirley Riggs a Yule treat who s on the ball

For those who like their Yule spiced up with the exotic flavor of foreign lands here s Anne Hakim from Turkey

Now we ask you, what could possibly be as nice to find in a stocking on Xmas morning as a lovely like Marie Smyth?

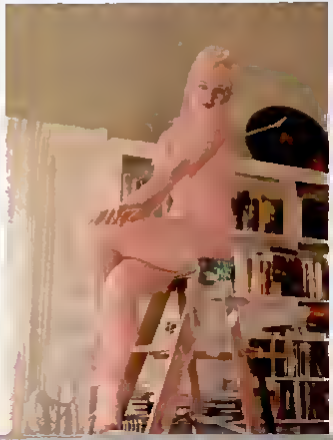
And, Oh! how Santa's eyes will light up when he climbs down the fireplace and finds winsome Laura Stevens there

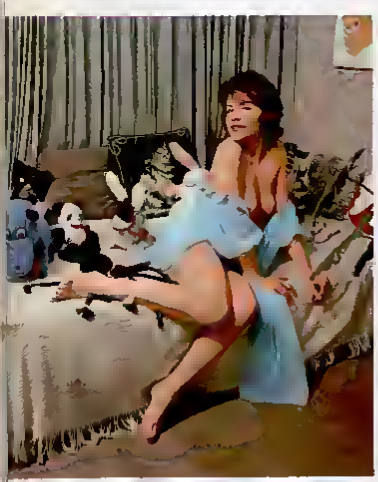
Meanwhile, back at Santa's Workshop itself, Xmas '61 finds a bevy of voluptuous helpers sure to raise the Yuletide spirits of dedicated "girl-watchers" from six to sixty-six!



It's time out in the furniture department for luscious Laura Lind, a Santa baby to warm up his North Pole home.

Even at the workshop somebody has to hang the mistletoe. And who better than oh-so-kissable Candy Hanson?





Santa's helper Anita Beckert sparks up the stuffed toy department and turns even the pandas into "girl-watchers."

Barbara Jannett's got her Xmas book selection all set. Thus ends another Yule eve. Merry Xmas, all you "girl watchers!"

The Richest Man in t

Meet Juan Alberto March, a man with an insatiable lust for money, power and women. Here's the truly fa

BY CHARLES V. HEMO

THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE Juan Alberto March has displayed an insatiable hunger for just three things: money, power and women. He has achieved all three on a more grandiose scale than any other man in our times.

Today at the age of 82 this stooped, bald-headed, eagle-beaked little Spaniard is a multi-billionaire. "I'm so rich that even I don't know how rich I am," he boasts. "I'm probably the richest man in the world."

He is also one of the most powerful men in the world. For nearly 60 years, through monarchy, republic and two dictatorships he has held the destiny of Spain tightly clutched in his pudgy hands. It was he who bankrolled the Spanish Civil War and put Generalissimo Franco in power. Franco may be his country's dictator, but March is its economic czar. Never before in history has any nation been so utterly and completely the property of one individual.

You cross the Atlantic on a ship owned by Juan March or fly over on his airline. In Spain you ride on March's railroads, put up in one of March's hotels. The food you eat is grown on March's ranches, you drink March's wine (or Coca-Cola bottled in his plants), smoke March's cigarettes. You get sight-seeing in a bus or taxicab propelled by March's gasoline, read one of March's newspapers by light generated by one of March's power plants. Even the soap in the bathroom, the towels on the rack, the toilet paper you use prob-

the World

fantastic story of how March satisfied that lust!

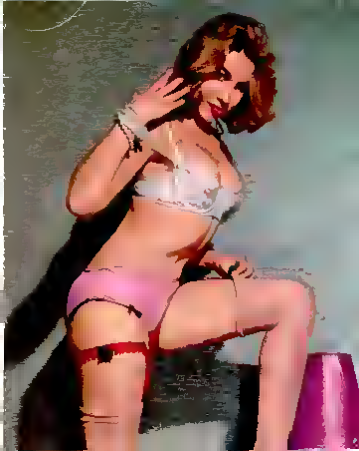
ably came from March's factories.

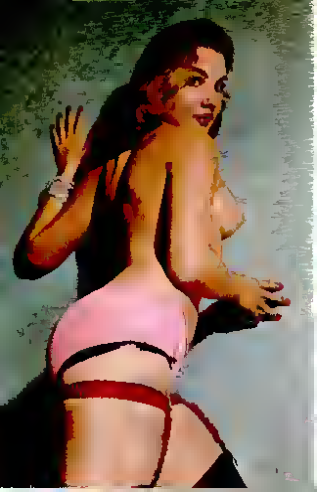
His admirers call him the "Iberian Croesus" and the "Spanish Rockefeller." Others, less admiring, call him the "Last Pirate of the Mediterranean." An illiterate peasant at the start of his career, his rise from rags to riches is a Horatio Alger story with strong overtones of Jesse James.

Juan Alberto March was born in 1875 in the town of Santa Margarita, on the island of Majorca. The son of a poor peasant, he never went to school and it is reported that he was unable to read or write until past 40. However he quickly developed a phenomenal facility with figures. Apprenticed to a grain merchant at the age of 15, he learned to do large sums in his head with remarkable speed.

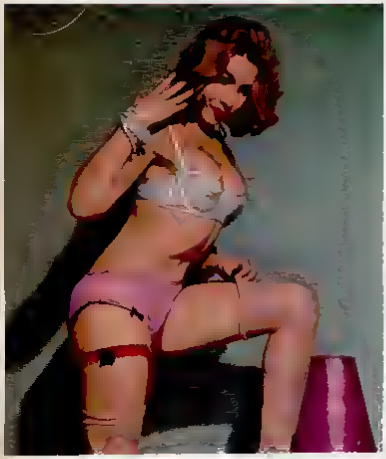
To astound friends his employer would ask: "Juanito, how much is 7 x 7 x 7 x 7 plus 7?" Quick as a flash, back would come the correct answer: "2,408!"

A human adding machine — cold, bloodless, ruthlessly efficient—he also demonstrated an amazing talent for turning these figures into cold hard cash. At the age of 18 he was buying and selling grain on his own account. The profit he loaned out at usurious interest, and the interest he invested in land which he subdivided into small plots and re-sold at enormous profit. Every peseta that fell (Continued on page 58)





June in January



June Smith is a girl with a peculiar problem. She can cope with wintry blizzards and freezing temperatures, but no matter how many duels she daffs, she can't beat that January heat!

WHEN voluptuous June Smith was told the photographs she was posing for were for the January issue of SCAMP, she began warbling an old-time ditty called "June in January"—hence the title of this piece. "But," she told us when the rendition was over, "let's make it authentic. I react differently to January than most people. I don't suffer from the cold. I suffer from the heat! How so? we wanted to know. Well, the lovely told us, "it's like this. I have an absolute doll of a landlord. And as soon as Jack Frost begins nipping at the fingertips, he begins worrying that I won't be warm enough. The result is that he sends up so much heat that when I walk into my apartment it's like going into a steam bath. But he's such a nice guy that I've never had the heart to tell him he's frieasseeing me. Instead, as more and more heat sizzles up the steampipe, I take off my garments one-by-one until there's nothing left to take off. That's how June beats the January heat! ●

THE OFFICE XMAS PARTY

"Sure, it's 'Snookums' and 'Poopsie' now—but what happens next week?"

"No, I'm not refuting the concept of 'Good will towards men,' but—"

"Hello Mr. Van Richmond . . . I'm Gertrude from Accounting . . . I handle your petty cash . . ."

When the Yule spirit chases down those white-collar corridors, it's a time of guzzling, guffaws, every secretary for herself and let jolly old Santa take the hindmost!

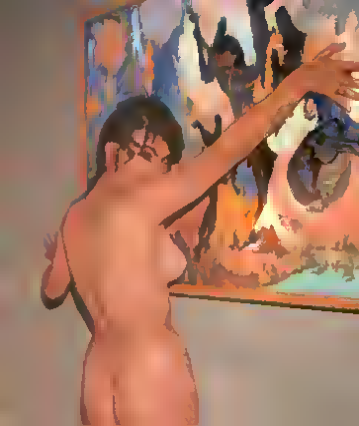
ILLUSTRATED BY MORT GERBERG

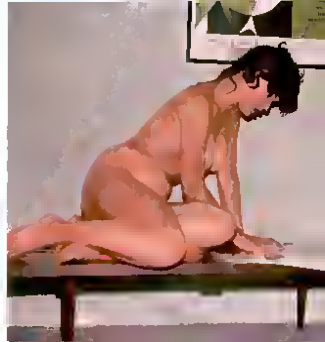
"Davis! I'll remind you again that the typing pool is 'Off Limits' to junior executives!"

"Whaddaya say you and I sneak into my office for some *real* Scotch?"

"Say are you fellows sure it's still crooked?"

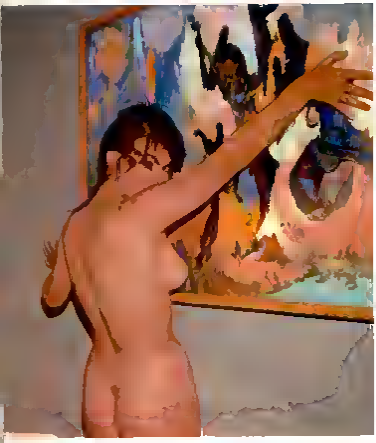

ALL HAIL
TERPSICHORE!

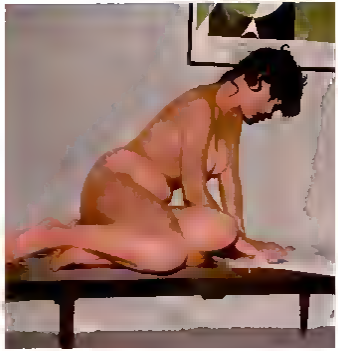




the abstracted abstractionist...

To those who think that modern art lacks beauty and form, we offer Audrey Maye as a living refutation of the idea. A serious modern artist who earns while she learns by posing for other artists and photographers, Audrey obviously possesses both qualities!





AUDREY is completely absorbed in her artistic career—often so much so that she's oblivious to the other things around her. She can ponder a concept for hours—even days—before putting brush to canvas and while her mind is occupied this way she's quite likely to forget to take time out to eat or sleep. Such was her state when these pictures were being taken and SCAMP's lensman came away feeling he'd been politely ignored by the voluptuous artist-poser. But when the results of his visit were developed, he decided that abstracted or not, Audrey's artistry possessed top allure. ●

FICTION

BY TED MASK

For a bachelor, Claude's life didn't lack for romance. He found it in a stable, on a fire escape, on a roller coaster, in a canoe, in just about every kind of place conceivable, but

...never in bed

DR JOANNA JOHNSON was the kind of psychoanalyst designed to send normal men scurrying in search of neuroses. Her pert face, long blonde hair and firm, full bosom lent themselves perfectly to Oedipal transference. Her suggestively rounded hips, slender light-muscled legs and inviting dark eyes worked wonders in dredging up these deep-seated inhibitions from the subconscious. Her soft, matter-of-fact voice combined with her sensual exterior worked wonders in relieving patients' guilt feelings about all sorts of strange and submerged appetites and desires. It was only her dedication to her profession that kept Dr Johnson in an unmarried state. Not a week went by that she didn't receive a proposal from one of her analytic contemporaries or from some male patient in the grips of transference. Propositions were more frequent and, Dr Johnson being an emancipated woman with a liberal view point towards sex, she sometimes proved willing.

At the moment the good doctor was completing a questionnaire on a new patient. 'Marital status. Mr Quinby?'

'I'm a bachelor.' Claude Quinby told her.

'I see.' She made a check mark. 'All right, that does it. Now suppose you tell me what seems to be the trouble.'

'Sex,' Claude Quinby said hesitatingly. 'That's my trouble.'

'Well, I guess most people have trouble in that area.'

Would you term your difficulty concrete or abstract?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Are you bothered by sexual fantasies?"

"No. To tell the truth, I rather enjoy them.

"Umm." Dr. Johnson bit her lower lip. "Well, what exactly seems to be the difficulty?"

"It's a little embarrassing." He let the sentence drift off.

"There's no need to be embarrassed here. Is it that you find difficulty satisfying your desires?"

"Not exactly."

Dr. Johnson waited for him to go on, but the pause only lengthened. "Perhaps we'd better begin at the beginning," she said impersonally. "Tell me about your first sexual experience."

"Well... Uh... All right." Claude took a deep breath. "I guess I was about 16. The girl—Alice was her name—was about the same age. She was a slim, dark, intense type. Boyish almost, or maybe still just undeveloped at that age. But what she lacked in curves she made up for in curiosity—and finally in enthusiasm.

"She was—don't laugh—a farmer's daughter. Well, maybe not in the genuine sense. Her father was a gentleman farmer who spent his summers in Bucks County puttering around with hybrid cows and manure spreaders. His daughter—Alice—was finishing school with a broad A most of the year, but when I knew her she was dungarees and braids. I used to kid her about being a farmer's daughter, so I guess that's why I still think of her that way.

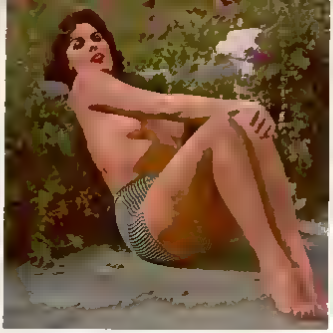
"I was visiting an uncle of mine that summer. He ran a neighboring farm—for real, year round, not just back-to-the-soil in the summer like Alice's Pop.

"Anyway, Alice and I were just about the only kids our age in the district. Naturally we were thrown together a lot. That was okay, because we took to each other right off. And we had one big interest in common: a typical adolescent-coming-awake curiosity about sex.

"All through that summer we made the tentative—and then bolder—moves towards sex that adolescents make when they're trying to act sophisticated and experienced so that they can get to be sophisticated and experienced. And finally, one day in August was drawing to an end, we got into a petting session in a pile of hay in her father's stable that had us all but tearing the clothes off each other.

"The locale was deliberate. We'd both read a book that summer—I can't recall the name of it—in which the big seduction scene took place after the man and woman had watched the breeding of a wild stallion and a mare. The idea excited us. There was no horse-breeding going on at her father's place, but there were horses—just weary old draft animals to be sure, but horses nevertheless—and for both of us the using of their stable for a trysting place heightened the passion.

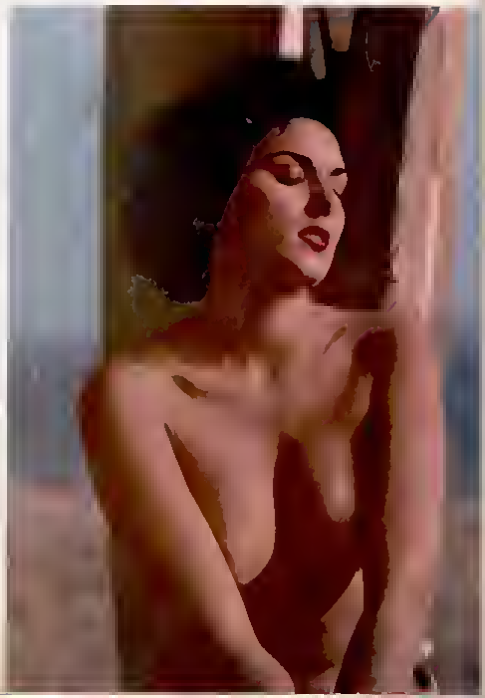
"That day, with the sun beating down on the stable roof and the smell of the hay and the horses, we really got carried away. She was just wearing the dungarees and a halter and somewhere around the 15th or 16th kiss the snap of the halter came undone. I was impressed and spurred on by what was revealed, though looking back on it I don't suppose it could have been much. Anyway, I suspect that (Continued on page 70)



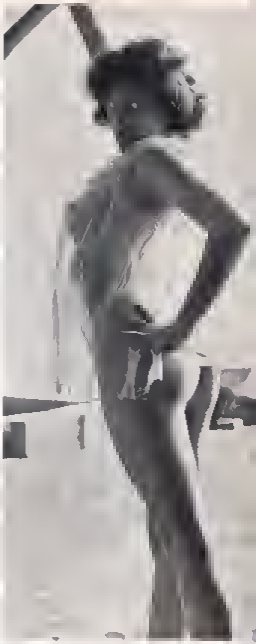
Sherry Jubilee

Cover girl Sherry Davis is the perfect treat to top off any glamor fan's menu!

THE *piece de resistance* of any really good meal is the dessert. And among such desserts, Cherry Jubilee is to all others as the Rolls Royce is to the run-of-the-road car, as "Crime and Punishment" is to the average detective story, as Albert Schweizer is to the ordinary African home-town witch doctor—and as Sherry Davis is to the usual girls one runs into in day-to-day ogling. Her dark-haired, dark-eyed allure, her piquant facial beauty, her perfectly formed figure and lithe, slender legs, her sometime bubbling sometimes smoldering personality, her quick laugh and sympathetic nature—all these qualities, both visual and inner, combine to make Sherry the Cherry Jubilee of girlhood, the extra-special dessert treat a magazine needs to keep a contented, happy, well fed readership. In this case, since Sherry adorned our cover, it might be said that our readers received the dessert before the main course. So, just to be sure nobody feels the meal is incomplete, here's an extra helping of Sherry Jubilee, a delicious treat we're sure will be enjoyed even by those on diets. And why not? Sherry may be eye-filling, but she's not fattening. And, believe us, feasting your eyes on her is good for whatever ails you! So, look your fill! ●



Served outdoors and sizzling with allure! What more could any beauty gourmet ask then the chance to fill his eyes with the sight of luscious Sherry bubbling over with good will and garnished with roses



And for a perfect ending to a perfect day of the beach how about this for a tantalizing dessert? Delicious! All hail Sherry Jubilee!

'Nei Erik, nei'

SCAMP Goes To Night Court

Ignorance of the law may not be an excuse, but it sure can result in late-hour courtroom hilarity!

BY HANK GROSS

THE COUNTRY'S NIGHT COURTS traditionally are the busiest tribunals in the land. Through the oak-paneled courtroom in the Criminal Courts Building in New York City alone pass upwards of two million persons a year: people from every walk of life. They have been accused of everything from fortune telling to fornication and now are up before the black-garbed monarch of the courtroom: some timid, some arrogant, to await justice. Just how often true justice is meted out is debatable. But one thing is certain — if you want to see human beings in their most natural state and get a few laughs besides, Night Court is the place to go.

One of the best stories a courtroom was ever privileged to hear was told to the judge by an attractive middle-aged woman who wanted to sue a large movie theater on the grounds that although it was supposed to be a respectable place, twenty dollars was stolen from her while she was watching the show. "I had the money in my stocking," she explained earnestly, "and several times during the picture I felt this man who was sitting next to me put his hand on my leg."

"Lady," asked the judge, "why didn't you stop him?"

"Stop him?" she replied. "How did I know he was going to steal my money? I mean, in a respectable theater like that!"

Sound like a one in a million laugh? Well

it isn't. Justices have gotten such beauts as the foreign-born fellow who requested the judge to help in preparing his "last will and testacles," the welt-built young miss who got so flustered while testifying that she gave her bust measurement instead of her age and the teen-aged couple who had gotten to City Hall too late to get a marriage license and wondered if the judge would 'say a few words to tide us over the weekend.'

Perhaps it's inevitable that the wildest stories to come before the bench are the alibis that people think up. After listening to an evening of such alibis, a judge is often inclined to agree with the Harlem youth's definition of one: "An alibi is what you use to prove you was at a movie where you wasn't, so's you can show you wasn't holdin' up a drugstore when you was."

Some of the alibis offered with a straight face are so transparent that they become hilarious. Like the man accused of stealing a one-hundred pound sack of flour who shrugged his shoulders innocently and said, "I dunno, someone must have put it on my back." Or the woman caught shoplifting who tried to persuade the judge that the hat was so tiny she didn't know it was on her head when she walked out.

Equally unbelievable are the excuses given for traffic violations. Though most people just pay their fines, there are always a few who figure a lame excuse is better than none. Thus the explanation of a man brought up on reckless driving charges that he couldn't help it because he was shaving at the time. Or the alibi of a woman pulled over for constantly signalling for a left turn but never making it. "But Your Honor," she complained, "it just had to dry my nail polish!"

One man went to great lengths to get the weather report for the day he was given a ticket to convince the judge that since a strong tail-wind had pushed his car along, it wasn't his fault that he was speeding. Another man had a very logical excuse for going through eight stops signs. "I couldn't see them," he explained to the judge, "because I was going the wrong way down a one-way street."

One of the most frequently proffered alibis is ignorance of the law, which, as any schoolboy knows, is no excuse. Still it is constantly given and when the judge explains that that's just too bad, the arguments he gets run the gamut of originality from one end to the other with a peculiar kind of logic pervading them all. For example, one woman suggested having just one law making all crimes illegal. That she felt, would solve the problem neatly. Or how about the tiny scrubwoman who brushed her hair back with her hands and said with charming sincerity, "Judge you say that ignorance of the law is no excuse but to tell you the truth, I didn't know that either."

(Continued on next page)

SCAMP

THE SPARKLING COMPANION FOR MEN

JAN 1962
VOL 5 NO 4

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COVER PHOTO by Ron Vogel

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SCAMP GOES TO NIGHT COURT

The most riotous alibi of all however came from a man who was accused of seducing a sixteen year old girl But Judge, he protested How was I to know they changed the age to eighteen? They should a put the change in the newspaper so I wouldn t still be workin on the old schedule!"

Then there was the case of the woman who came before the bench with no alibi at all She had been nabbed (or going through a stop sign I'm guilty your honor" she said clearly

The magistrate peered at her over his rimless spectacles for a moment. What is your occupation Ma am?"

I m a schoolteacher

"Ah" said the judge a smile creeping over his face For fourteen years I've waited to get a schoolteacher before me I sentence you to write I *will not go through stop signs* 500 times

Seldom however does a judge get such a golden opportunity to indulge a whimsy Usually his is the routine lot of passing the same old judgments time and again ruling the same or similar fines, and setting the same or similar bails And very often when the tedium is shattered it is not the judge but the courtroom that enjoys it

One such instance resulted when a man named Murphy took the stand as a witness His uncle alea a Murphy had been involved in an auto accident, and he was testifying in his uncle s behalf It so happened he was the fourth Mnrphy to have so testified, and the whole clan it appeared had carefully rehearsed their testimony beforehand The judge began his questioning in an attempt to shake Murphy s story

'Your name is Murphy is that correct?" asked the judge

Mr Mnrphy answered Murphy

And did you really see this accident?"

I did.

Where were you when you saw it happen?"

I was standin on the corner and I seen the light red against the other driver"

I didn t ask about the light said the judge "Just answer the question please

All right

'Now just where were you standing when you saw this accident take place?

'Right in front of the butcher where I could see the light red against the driver

I didn t ask about—

'The light was red against the driver Murphy repeated once more

"Now look here Murphy— The judge was beginning to sweat and the clerk was rapping for a gleeful courtroom to come to order

I m Mr Murphy to you — and I was standin on the corner when I seen the light red against—

"All right" shouted the judge All right, Mr Murphy' He wiped his brow and continued Now Mr Murphy what is your occupation?

"Standin' on the corner"

'Yes, but what do you do for a living?"

"I m standin on the corner"

Are you on relief?"

No '

"Rich?"

No

Have you saved any money?"

"No"

'Then how do you live all day every day?

I'm standin on the corner all day every day and I seen the light red against—

Murphy' Just answer the questions

It s Mr Murphy" corrected Murphy

'Were you drinking that day, Mr Murphy?

'I was

Ahh and just what was it you were drinking Mr Murphy?

'Coffee in the morning before I was standin on the corner where I seen the light was—

Stop' That s enough" The judge a face was glistening "How long have you been standing on that corner Mr Murphy?

Forty two years"

Forty-two years all the time?

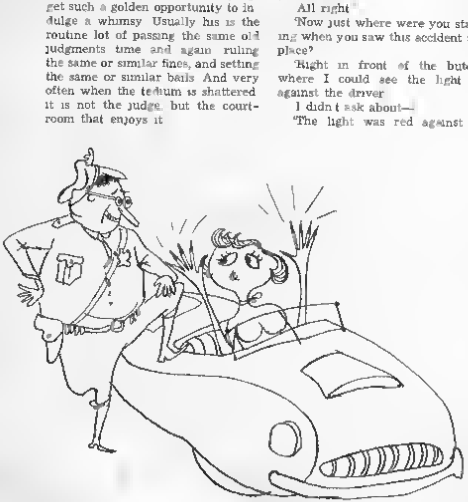
Forty-two years all the time standin on the corner where I seen—

'Never mind said the judge wearily shaking his head Oh yes, there is one more question Mr Murphy How old are you anyway?"

Forty two years" replied Murphy

I thought so" said the judge sadly "Case dismissed"

Of course not all defendants are as unshak- (*Continued on page 68*)



"I ain't got all day, Emmy Lou Make up your mind!"

Why Men Go Boating

It's not the shape the ship's in, nor the ship the shape's in — it's shapely Kay Creager herself!

IF YOU'VE EVER wondered why the poet was so insistent that men "must go down to the sea again" if you've ever pondered the reason why sailors swagger and talk nostalgically of the briny if you've ever puzzled over the far-away look that comes into the most dedicated landlubber's eyes when the boats creek at their moorings—if you've ever considered any of these things and questioned the lure boating holds for the average man, then pay attention for your question is about to be answered. There's the clean air and the sparkling water and the clear blue sky—but that's only part of it. There's the feeling of being in command, of pitting yourself and your craft against the elements—that's part of it too but it isn't all The air is important but it doesn't really matter if it's hazy The sea is important but a lake or a pond or a man-made waterway will do as well A clear sky is important but boating pleasure may also be had in a squall Man vs Ma Nature is important but it isn't really a must. The real must the real lure of boating for those of the masculine gender is the same as in all activities where man seeks the utmost in pleasure In other words, the one essential ingredient is woman Particularly a woman like Kay Creager who turns a mere lake into an ocean of charm, who transforms a small outboard motorboat into a craft rich in allure whose voluptuous beauty constitutes the best reason we know why men go boating! ●

The public interest was very dear to Chumley. He lived for it and he died for it. Nobody could object to the words of praise spoken over his bier—or could they?

Eulogy for a Hero

THE SPEAKER LOOMED over the open coffin, a trick of the gloomy lighting making him seem larger than he really was. His eyes moved slowly over the crowded funeral chapel. When finally he spoke his voice boomed in the tones of one accustomed to speaking familiarly in the presence of death. Fear not, his intonation seemed to say, death is a fact of life and should be greeted as an old friend. Or perhaps it is only that his tongue was so accustomed to the words which rolled from it.

"We are gathered here to pay our last respects to the remains of Thomas Chumley. As I stand here looking out at you — the family, friends, servants, neighbors, business associates — who knew and loved him, I note that there are tears on many of your cheeks. Weep not, I say. Weep not for Thomas Chumley. Weep not, for he died a hero's death. He would not want your tears. Weep not over his bier, but rather rejoice in the life he lived so well.

"Dry your tears, I say to the bereaved parents, wife and son of Thomas Chumley who stand before me. Dry your tears and remember. Remember his kindness and understanding and generosity.

The words poured over the first row like molten marshmallow. Thomas Chumley, Jr. rubbed his fingers together as though to wad the stickiness into a ball and toss it from him. Thomas Chumley, Jr. remembered.

"Now you hear this, boy." Thomas Chumley shouted. "You mark this well. I haven't spent twenty years building a political career so you could blow it to smithereens with a bombshell dropped right in the middle of a campaign. And I haven't got where I am without learning how to handle a sticky situation without making a lot of noise about it. We'll do it my way and no arguments. This girl will have the operation and then she'll leave town quietly and nobody will be the wiser."

"She says she won't do it." Junior's voice betrayed his fear of his father.

"There are always ways to make people do the things they say they won't do. Politics have taught me that. And no little tramp you were dumb enough to get yourself messed up with is going to louse up my career, either. You remember that, boy!"

"I wouldn't want her to be hurt, Dad."

"She won't be. All she has to do is have her operation and leave town without any fuss and she won't be hurt. You tell her that."

"She's scared of the operation."

"Well, now, that's just tough. You tell her she'll have more than a little operation to be scared of if she doesn't cooperate."

"I don't know, Dad."

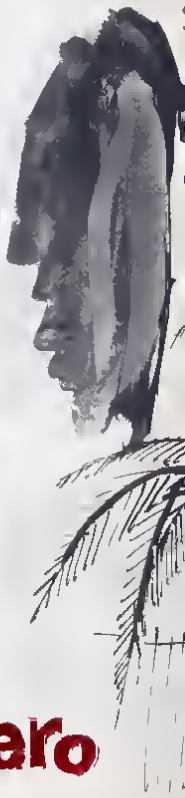
"You don't know? Well, you damn well better know. Do you think I'm going to let some little trollop—"

"She's not a trollop, Dad."

"No? What is she then?"

"She's just a romantic kid. I guess I conned her into it. She comes from a nice respectable family."

"Nice, respectable girls don't go tumbling into bed (Continued on page 81)

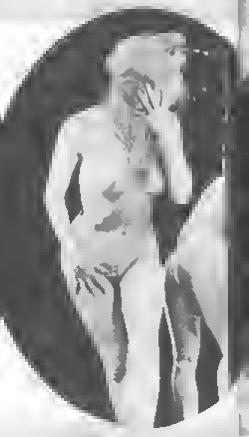


FICTION

BY HARRY GREGORY

Reflections of an exotic

It's a toss-up which has the more allure, Corinne Chembord in the flesh, or Corinne in the flesh in the mirror. Either way, Corinne's a vision of dancing delight!



MOST ORIGINAL new routine along the nitery circuit features torrid Corinne Chambard in a duds-doffing dance with twice as much appeal as the average act. The doubled allure is the result of her utilizing a mirror which successfully answers one happily satisfied customer who wanted to know, "What could be better than Corinne?" Two Corinnes, natch, which is just what audiences are getting, thanks to milady's leaking glass. Their eyes bob from Corinne to the mirror and back as if they were watching a pong-pong game. The score? 38-26-37! ●

Joys of the Jug

"Of course I could tell her mother to go home — but she's the best excuse I have for drinking"

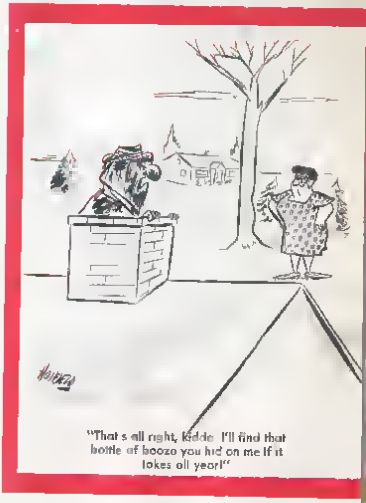
'Happy Anniversary!'

"It's a terrible thing having a cold persist for eleven years. Where is your compassion, woman?"

"If you knew how much younger and attractive you look to me when I'm drinking, you'd encourage it."

DRINK, they say, is a curse. But, as any psychologist will tell you there are times when profanity can be a healthy release. So too with alcohol. Many a member of today's anxiety ridden society is the better for a bender. Many a sin has been drowned in gin. Many a broken heart has been mended by the bubbly. And as Norman Hoifjeld shows on these pages, many and many a laugh may be found along the route from bottle to gullet. There's something about the art of tippling that just naturally seems to lend itself to the art of the cartoonist. In the combination of the two is found the inimitable 'Joys of the Jug!' ●

"If quitting drinking has saved my life how soon will I be well enough to start killing myself again?"



"That's all right, kiddo. I'll find that bottle of booze you hid on me if it takes all year!"

ILLUSTRATED BY BORSMAN HOIFJELD

FIRST LADIES FROM

. . . the days of Martha Washington on up to the present have had more than their fair share of notoriety. Prey for dirty politics and scandalous gossip, it's been the toughest of women's jobs from . . .

BY ROGER ELKIN

JUST ABOUT a year ago John F Kennedy became the President of the United States. Standing nearby and watching intently as he repeated his oath of office was a charming beautiful girl who was at the same moment the First Lady of the land Every so often the TV cameras flicked to her lovely face Her dress was described in detail her bearing and expression commented upon And she carried it off like a queen. Jackie Kennedy might have been born for the role

She hasn't disappointed anyone since. For the next few years there will certainly be hundreds of critical barbs aimed at her husband, but Jackie will probably escape Scarcely a day goes by that some columnist reporter or newscaster doesn't comment on some aspect of her appearance or behavior—

but all of it is favorable! Barring some horrible scandal Jackie Kennedy will undoubtedly emerge from the White House just as loved and admired as she is right now

It would be unfair to say that she is lucky Her background, breeding and natural charm and good taste are responsible for her overwhelming acceptance by people all over the world. But there have been First Ladies many of them, who found themselves the targets of the cruelest criticism simply because of their positions in the White House—and many of them who admitted to friends and relatives that they would infinitely prefer to be *somewhere else*!

Martha Washington the first First Lady, once confided in a letter to a friend that she was "more like a state prisoner than anything else" Poor Martha! She felt that there were so many restrictions placed on her activities because of her position that she rarely ventured from her home during her husband s term of office She felt obligated to conduct receptions and state dinners with all the formalities of the European courts—her only source of protocol—and then found herself smarting under the anti-Federalist opposition to the 'paraphernalia of courts' involved in her Wednesday and Saturday levees. Before she died, Martha destroyed all of the many letters that had passed between herself and her famous husband probably because she resented the intrusions on her privacy that had gone along with being the wife of the president

Although Martha s distaste for her role was admitted, she carried it off to the satisfaction of most of her fellow-countrymen and was able to retire in dignity Other presidents' wives were not so fortunate Margaret Taylor wife of the twelfth president, was bitterly opposed to her husband s candidacy She considered the office as a threat that would deprive her of her husband Once in the White House she kept to her private quarters and never entered the reception-room. She discouraged official dinners wishing to live as quietly as possible As a result, resentful Washington society circulated vitriolic rumors that the president s wife was 'poor white trash,' and that she smoked a corn-cob pipe in the privacy she so fervently sought Unfortunately for Mrs Taylor there was never time to disprove these rumors since her husband died after only fifteen months in office and she retired to Mississippi She apparently didn t care too much about the gossip but her daughter Betty did, and

to Jackie

during her father's brief term in office she took over at social functions Betty was so successful in her undertaking that there were many people in the country who were not even aware until the president died that he had *had* a wife!

One of the most maligned as well as intriguing of the wives of former presidents was Rachel Jackson who died before her husband was inaugurated During the election campaign so much vicious gossip was circulated about her that her friends claimed it was responsible for her death Jackson s antagonists somehow discovered the fact that he had unwittingly married Rachel two years before her former husband secured a divorce and the information was put to use as a political weapon The fact that both Rachel and Andrew Jack-

FIRST LADIES FROM MARTHA TO JACKIE

son had married believing that her first husband had carried out his promise to secure a divorce mattered not at all She was a bigamist in the eyes of the public—and a crude one at that! She and Andrew were privately remarried when the truth was discovered two years after their first marriage But Rachel herself never quite recovered from her sense of shame over what she considered her own sin While it was true that she smoked a pipe the habit was an accepted female practice among the pioneers of the frontier For Jackson s enemies it was an additional log to add to the smoldering pile of rumors When she was notified that her husband had won the election despite the slander she said, 'For Mr Jackson s sake, I am glad For my own part, I never wished it — Another first lady who preferred to resist the lure of the White House!

Of course, there were other wives who treasured the position of first lady despite the miseries it might entail The most famous and controversial of these was Mary Todd Lincoln Even today, history books picture her as an ambitious shrew from whom poor 'honest Abe' was fortunate to escape Although she claimed she 'would never have married' Abe if she weren't certain that he would be president some day her own reception at the White House was cold Defiantly she used the weapons at her command She bought enough extravagant clothing during her stay in the White House to dress ten first ladies and it is said that when she left she owed $52 000 in unpaid clothing bills During the Civil War she was accused of treason because of an incident involving a visiting relative from her native border-state of Kentucky Her husband attested her loyalty to the Union cause before a senate committee The chief problem faced by Mary Lincoln was one which no president s lady before her had known—the national publicity made possible by the telegraphing of news from the capitol throughout the country Jackie Kennedy, in the White House today, is well aware that her most casual statement could be repeated throughout the world, and she is thus careful to antagonize no one For Mary Lincoln there was no precedent

Naturally there have been women in the past who seemed, like Jacqueline Kennedy, 'made for the role" of first lady Dolly Madison was one of them A lavish and charming hostess she was best known for her extravagant dinners and parties The only criticism she suffered was from some conservative friends who chided her for her love of fine clothes and surroundings, and a few clergymen who considered her too worldly But she was an excellent partner for her small, serious husband who didn't have her flare for making friends or entertaining At his own inaugural party Madison whispered in the ear of a friend that he would rather be home in bed Dolly in her feathered and jeweled turbans and imported French dresses popularized a man who was intelligent and capable but lost in a crowd. She had the temerity to wear rouge, and she got away with it! Part of the charm that endeared her to one and all consisted of her ability to remember names and faces of everyone she had ever met, as well as her complete democracy of hospitality The public was invited to the White House every week, and many went Long after her retirement from the White House when her generous impulses had reduced the family fortune tremendously, the widow Madison was visited affectionately in her little house in Washington by most of the outstanding figures of her day

Another extremely popular first lady was not the wife of a president, but his niece Harriet Lane, beautiful blonde niece and ward of president James Buchanan had more praises and honors heaped upon her than any first lady before her Prior to his term in the White House Buchanan had been minister to England Harriet, accompanying him, had scored a raging success in the best circles of European society Her stay in the White House, termed that gayest administration" by Washington reporters of the time was a series of personal triumphs.

While an unusually popular first lady like Dolly Madison or Harriet Lane can be very helpful to the president her popularity can also work against him. Frances Cleveland former ward of her husband, was only twenty-three years old when she married Grover Cleveland in the first wedding to take place in the White House The bride was immediately clasped to the public bosom Ladies all over the country copied her hairdo and banished the bustle when she expressed disapproval of it. She became such a source of publicity that her anxious husband bought her a second Washington home in an effort to protect her The public s hackles rose and rumors began to circulate to the effect that Cleveland not only got drunk and beat her, but had also turned her out of the house She was horrified by the gossip that helped usher her husband out of the White House and she vowed to return She did—four years later and became once more a darling of the public

An outstanding example of a woman who rose above whispers of the populace is, of course Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Plunging in where others feared to tread, she held weekly news conferences, conducted a radio program wrote a daily newspaper column lectured and openly supported the causes she believed in. Although she was certainly subjected to her share of criticism, she also received more honors than any other First Lady of the land An indomitable personality Mrs. Roosevelt has been voted by Americans the woman they most admire for the past eleven years

Thus are the ghosts that haunt the White House home of the radiant young newcomer Jackie Kennedy! Her present popularity is unmistakable both at home and abroad. She is obviously not a young lady to be "scared by ghosts!" ●

SCAMPISH HUMOR

Our ad rep swears he heard this dialogue on a TV western show recently

"You shot bad Slim?"

"Tex you ever knew anybody what was shot good?"

* * *

"Might I try on that dress in the window?" the sweet young thing asked the salesman.

"You might" he replied, "but wouldn't you be more comfortable in the dressing room?"

* * *

An attorney went to a small city to defend a client. As he drove into the city he spotted a young lad seated on a curb. "Boy" he yelled to the stripling, "which way's the courthouse?"

"We ain't got one Mister" the lad shouted back. "In this town you just have to pick 'em up on the street."

* * *

We know a prominent playboy who's descended from a long line his mother once listened to.

* * *

One political commentator describes our Cuba policy as "muddle-of-the-road."

* * *

A prosperous madam in New York recently changed places with one of her girls. Claimed she was bored with administration.

* * *

A manager of a drive-in theatre told us that if business gets worse he's going to begin showing pictures.

* * *

Shed a tear for the farmer who couldn't keep his hands off his wife—He had to fire them.

* * *

A precocious eight-year-old girl came running in to her mother one day. "Mommy," she asked her breathlessly, "can I have a baby?"

Of course not, sweetie," replied the mother. "You're much too young to have a baby."

"Are you sure?" the child wanted to know.

"I'm positive" the mother reassured her.

The tot, much relieved, went back to her play. "Okay fellas" she called as she came outside. "Same game!"

A reformed tippler we know took up nature walking to relieve the strain of his abstinence. Walking in the woods one day he spied a grasshopper. "Little fella," he mused aloud, "do you realize you're famous in every cocktail lounge in the big city. Why they've actually named a drink after you. What do you think of that?"

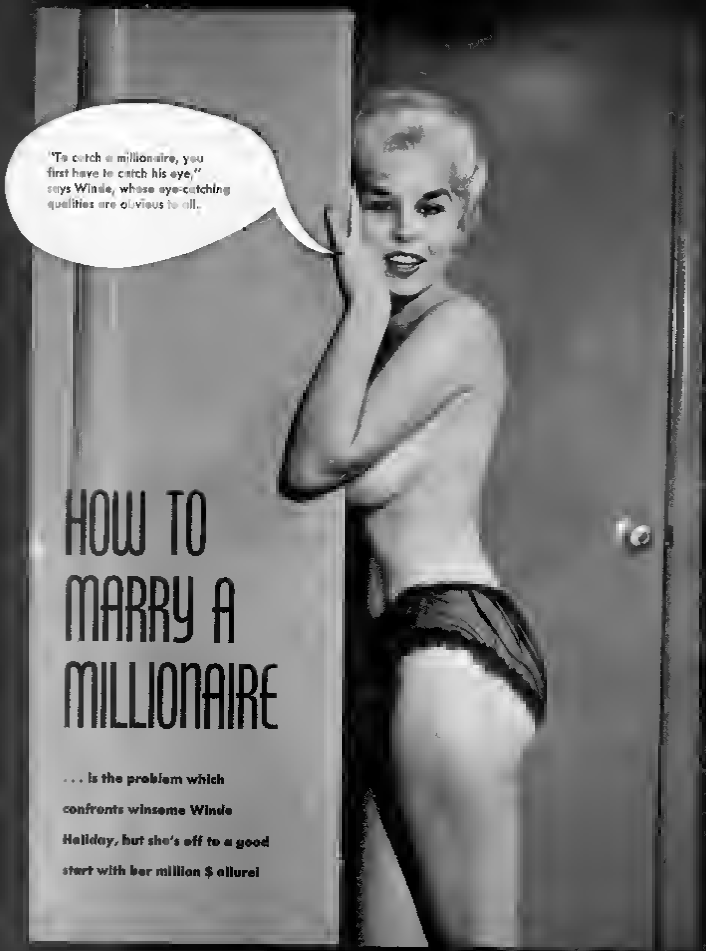
"I think you've flipped your lid," the grasshopper replied sending our friend straight off the wagon. "Who in their right mind would name a drink Melvin?"

A poor fellow who had no arms and no legs—just a body—managed to have himself transported to the door of a brothel. The Madam came to the door, looked at him sympathetically and shook her head. "What can we do for you?" she asked.

"What do you think?" he replied. "But what could you do?" she asked delicately. "After all, you've no arms or legs. We can't possibly do anything for you here."

"I don't know about that," the unfortunate man replied. "After all, I rang the bell didn't I?"

"I warned you—'Death before dishonor!'"



HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE

. . . is the problem which confronts winsome Winde Holiday, but she's off to a good start with her million $ allure!

"But looks alone aren't enough," she adds. "A girl also has to develop qualities like charm and poise to move easily in wealthy society."

"Simplicity in dress and manner is appreciated by the rich man who's fed up with ostentatious people."

SOMEWHERE, over the rainbow, squinching his toes idly about in his pot of gold, there's a lucky millionaire (did you ever hear of an *unlucky* one?) with a blonde in his future. The blonde's name is Winde Holiday and it's her avowed ambition in life to wed a Prince Charming with a 6-A plus Dunn & Bradstreet rating. In other words, Winde's aim is to snare herself a millionaire because, as she puts it, "It's just as easy to fall *in* love with a rich man as a poor one and, let's face it, rich, or poor, it's nice to have money." To accomplish this aim, Winde started out by appraising her natural assets. Blonde hair, piquant face, fabulous figure—everything necessary to raise the eyes of a wealthy man from his stock market quotations. Next, aware of the fact that even in the marriage market if you want to attract money you have to invest money, Winde saved from her salary as a model to buy the *smart*. (*Continued on next page*)

est, most attractive clothes she could find. Half the appeal of any product, she reasoned, is in the packaging. Next, she figured that if you want to meet a millionaire, you have to go where millionaires go. This can be expensive—so she was somewhat limited, but she did manage to swing one vacation at Palm Beach and a few invitations to parties thrown by the wealthy. No millionaire has proposed yet, but Wanda's confident there's a fortune in *her* future! ●

HOW TO BE A SPY

(Continued from Page 16)

the field of communications etc The Navy seeks information about new Communist warships and submarines their armament and distribution The Air Force is keenly interested in new Communist aircraft, missiles, air defense installations potential industrial targets etc

One of the most fantastic tales of military intelligence came out in 1950 when it was announced that Ensign Prokiev a member of a Soviet military commission visiting the U S, had decided not to return to the USSR Ensign Prokiev if developed, was an American secret agent whose real name was David White!

The deception started at the end of World War II when an American army unit operating near the River Oder came upon the bodies of a group of Russian prisoners of war shot by the retreating Nazis The identification of the dead men were recovered and sent to headquarters. There it was discovered that photos of one of the officers Prokiev bore remarkable resemblance to an American intelligence officer named David White By strange coincidence White had been born in Russia, and spoke Russian fluently

Dave White promptly disappeared Ensign Prokiev was repatriated and remained in Russia for five years, until by sheer chance he was detailed to duty with the Soviet military mission sent to this country Thus he was able to provide Army intelligence with an invaluable inside report of the Russian military buildup

The U S State Department has its own intelligence unit — the Office of Intelligence Research (OIR) Its primary function is the analysis of dispatches from our diplomats in the Foreign Service in conjunction with reports regularly provided by the CIA But the OIR also maintains its agents all over the world.

The U S Information Agency (USIA) whose principal job is to influence public opinion of foreign countries also employs secret agents The noteworthy example of the information they collect in otherwise inaccessible areas are regular broadcasts by our radio in West Berlin denouncing undercover Communist stooges who betray their neighbors to the secret police

Altogether it is estimated that our various intelligence agencies maintain at least 25 000 employes

How do you get a job with one of these agencies?

This rarely can be arranged long-distance You have to go to Washington make the rounds talk to personnel officers in the various agencies. That is the only way you can decide whether the job they have suits you and they can decide whether you suit it

If you pass this initial test, you will be asked to fill out exhaustive questionnaires. You will have to list your parents and grandparents your background, education and all the jobs you have ever held You will be asked to account for practically every day of your life since the day you were born You will be asked about your political opinions and associations from the year one to the present You will have to reveal the most intimate details of your private life.

Are you a heavy drinker? People who drink too much usually talk too much In an unexpected crisis their thinking is apt to be blurred They may miss important details fail to keep an important appointment, thereby endangering their own life or that of their contact.

Have you ever taken narcotics? Do you have homosexual tendencies or associations? If so forget about espionage Drug addicts and homos are sitting ducks for blackmail

Are you a skirt-chaser susceptible to the charm of a pretty face trim ankle and well-stacked figure? Contrary to general belief lover boy international intrigue is not your cup of tea You may wind up in bed with the wrong pigeon a decoy who will give you away to the enemy

Do you gamble play the horses, live beyond your means? Then you're too frisky for risky business Caught in a money squeeze you might be subverted by a big bunk of cash waved under your nose at a strategic moment

Are you brilliant but unstable? Then you're definitely not the type The nervous, jumpy kind just doesn't hold up under the constant tension of this trade

Incidentally when you fill out your application you'd better tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth Because everything you put down (and many things you don't) will be investigated backward and forward You will be tracked from place to place where you have lived, from job to job you have held. Relatives and previous employers will be questioned so will neighbors, tradesmen friends and foes The investigation may take months By the time it is over you can safely bet that the FBI will know more about your personal life than your mother does

Okay so you have passed rigorous scrutiny the job is yours. You start right in on a training program suddenly find yourself in a frightening new world where you must automatically keep your guard up night and day and trust nobody completely

You learn to put everything you work with — even classified trash such as waste paper and carbons which later will be "burned, stirred and scattered" — into a safe at night. You lock all windows and doors before leaving your office Following a set routine by the numbers each evening you sign a sheet indicating that you have complied fully with all safety precautions You are "security-minded" — secrecy becomes second-nature

(The "harmless" contents of the waste basket in the office of a minor government official gave Nazi agents their first inking of an impending invasion during World War II)

You learn to keep your mouth tightly shut and your eyes wide open at all times You are told exactly what you "need to know" and no more you tell your closest associates what they "need to know" and no more What they don't know can never hurt you, or your country

You develop a keen eye for detail Because in intelligence work the smallest "insignificant" detail may trigger a major discovery (A barely discernable shadow on an aerial reconnaissance photo led British intelligence officers to Nazi V-2 launching sites during the last war)

You learn to size up people quickly and accurately This is important, since you will have to recruit foreign agents to supply you with secret information You must be able to discern the "Achilles heel" the point of vulnerability that will persuade him to work for you

You become a master at secret communication by means of code or chemical "secret writing" an expert in cryptoanalysis so you can "break" enemy codes You learn to operate a short wave radio and pound out Morse code so you can get vital reports out of enemy territory in an emergency

There are a multitude of other things to learn How to run a safe house where you can make contact with your agents without detection by the police How to set up a "dead drop" where you can exchange messages with agents How to provide yourself and them with fake papers, so you can cross borders safely etc etc

Once the long training period is over you are ready for your first assignment Good hunting Your life and the lives of others, may depend upon how well you have learned your lessons And in the course of the "cold war" with international Communism the very existence of this nation may depend upon how well you apply the lessons you have learned.

those Existentialist LOVERS

Edith Piaf. Her songs of disillusioned love are Existentialism set to music.

Have the French Mandarins really transformed their free and easy philosophy of sex into action, or have they just founded a school of thought to justify their debauches?

BY JACK WRIGHT

IN A LITTLE CAFE on the Left Bank of Paris Francois Sagan dipped snails into garlic butter and said, "I will never marry. It is against my existentialist philosophy."

Three months later Miss Sagan was married. Within a year, to be sure, she was divorced, but meanwhile the young authoress had crossed the barrier into the more or less normal world she had sworn to forego and despise.

In a little cafe in Greenwich Village Miss Pamela Moore, long hailed as the "American Sagan," tapped her French cigarette against a bare table and said, "I will never marry. It is against my Existentialist philosophy."

A month later, looking a little self-conscious and even embarrassed, Miss Moore was standing before a justice of the peace in New York's City Hall being married to a solid young lawyer who takes life and Miss Moore very seriously and thinks the Existentialists and their philosophy of "the free man—free to commit himself for as long as he remains free" is something that has no place in today's troubled world.

Miss Juliette Greco, a leading light of the French Existentialists a short year ago, has settled down very happily to be the constant companion of Mr. Daryl Zanuck of whom she once said, "He, too, like all my lovers, knows that when Greco is through, she is through. Nothing," she said with a touch of sullenness, "lasts with Greco. Not even love."

What she shares with Mr Zanuck who of course is married to a very proper Mrs Zanuck who remains discreetly in America while he frolics in France, may not be love But it is awfully bourgeois in its determination to be non-conformist, to flaunt their affair openly, to talk of it and to admit to being awfully awfully happy in it. After all what situation in life is more ordinary than the role of back street wife? Because it's acted out with an Existentialist vocabulary doesn't make it any more glamorous—or any more unusual

That apparently is where the Existentialist lovers have stubbed their toes Like the post-war generation of the twenties they thought they had discovered sex only to find alas, that it had been going on all along And after a while they found that carrying the burden of refusing to conform to anything but their own desires was just too much for them

Edith Piaf grew weary of discovering one young boy after another bringing him to France to make him wealthy and sometimes famous only to find out that her "lover" preferred the company of other young men to the company of Piaf

"I have done everything for him" she screamed of the last one and what is? He is a homosexual!

Everyone who knows Piaf felt sorry for her and her voice was even sadder the next time she sang her theme song "La Vie En Rose" The brilliantly talented woman who had begun life as a prostitute sent out into the streets by her own mother had climbed to the very top rung of the ladder of success only to arrive at an Existentialist philosophy that made her very success empty Some people who know her even claim that most of her operations are psychosomatic "She's been carved up so much," they will tell you "that there isn't an inch of her body that isn't scarred."

And she's been possessed by so many men as a result of her determination to be free to ask nothing—least of all marriage—of any man she loves, that there probably isn't much of her heart, either that isn't scarred.

Her counterparts are everywhere in the Paris night When the lights go on, when the fountains that line the (Continued on page 73)

Juliette Greco Has she broken away from her Existentialist belief in the idea that love ends in despair?

In his hit play "Waltz of the Toreadors," Jean Anouilh (l) expressed the dim view Existentialists take of marriage- Albert Camus (center) once a leading light, broke with the movement shortly before his death Still a moving force and one of the founders of Existentialism is writer-philosopher Jean Paul Sartre (r)

Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, Yes! With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute Dept. **84701 H**, 30 East Adams Chicago 3, Ill

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

LIFE OF THE PARTY

(*Continued from page 9*)

time dinner following cocktails can be Besides I didn't want to be one of the first arrivals It's hard enough to hide the hayseed in a crowd.

From the looks of the house I expected a butler or at least a maid, to answer my ring, but I was wrong Mrs Forsythe came to the door She was about my age thirty-two, and one of those rare females with truly natural beauty

"So you're Ralph Curry's baby brother she said leading me to an unoccupied divan 'How *yummy* that you could come Sit down and I'll get us a drink What would you like?

"Bourbon and water will be fine

"I'll be right back" She left me

On looking around the night-club sized (and night-club decored) room it was evident that my dawdling had been needless This shindig was in full sway By the glazed eyes of the other guests, twenty or so I could have arrived at fourish and still not been among the first Not that they were boisterous or wobbly but they'd all attained the necking-with-each-other's-spouses stage

Judging from the several shades of lipstick he was wearing Mr Forsythe was no exception Mrs Forsythe had brought him back with her 'Here you are Lester' she said handing me a highball "This is Mr Forsythe Hartford this is Lester Curry Ralph's brother from North Platte"

Hartford Forsythe made a smile and allowed me to shake his hand He looked exactly like a rich man's son named Hartford Forsythe should look Blah blond hair big blue nothing eyes an unlined, somewhat bloated face He wandered off

Now Fran sat down beside me—too close for my comfort She gazed around the room pouting Everyone is so *quiet* The party's become absolutely *vapid* Don't you think so Lester?

"Oh I—"

Mrs Forsythe snapped her fingers in my face Her pout changed into a smile I know what I'll do,' she said bouncing up 'I'll have Hartford go get Punchy You'll adore Punchy He's *fun*. Excuse me

After about six hundred secs I came to the conclusion that Mrs Forsythe had become involved elsewhere I was trying to locate a corner to shrink into when a fat man gave me what he considered a friendly nudge in the ribs Hey' he said 'Punchy's coming! Hartford's gone after Punchy

'Did you say Punchy was coming?' exclaimed a snaky redhead "How *super*' *Martin*, she called to someone else 'Punchy's coming!"

In a moment the room was abuzz with the fact that Punchy was coming

Punchy I learned had been an infantryman, pugilist wrestler, and circus strong-man in that order Currently he was a one armed newsboy over on Wilshire Boulevard The Forsythes brought him to their parties occasionally for kicks.

Kicks?" I asked

'You'll see Get a few drinks in him, he's a panic. Played a bit part—an idiot—in a picture once now the poor old bastard thinks he's an actor Wait!! you hear him do Swanee Man it's— Conversation stopped attention diverted.

Shuffling into the room with an ape like gait, Punchy gaily waved a mechanical arm 'Hedda part in a pitcher hadda part in a pitcher' he said "Made five hunnert bucks—

Fran handed him a highball. He grasped it handily with the metal claws. Pretty neat, huh? he said

"Sure is, someone said

Far more remarkable to me than Punchy's mechanical arm was his real one It was the longest arm I have ever seen on a human being The man could almost have petted a dachshund without stooping

"Well here's to ya here's to ya" Punchy said taking a big gulp of the highball He spewed the gulp back into the glass and returned the drink to his hostess 'Hey' he said laughing 'you done this joke on me before Cancha think up any new ones?'

The highball was composed of vinegar spiked with Tabasco sauce

Everyone went into stitches then Fran gave Punchy a real drink and Hartford gave him a slice of Fels Naptha encased in two crackers. He took a bite spit it out, and laughed along with the convulsed onlookers.

'Say Punchy" someone said 'how's that wing work' How do you control it?

'I'll show you, Punchy replied, removing his shirt 'Pretty slick huh?' he said, displaying the control cord across his back 'Slick" Huh?"

"Certainly so Hard to take off"

'Naw it's a lunch,' Punchy said, and demonstrated

'Looks heavy What's it made of?'

'Lummun It's light Here feel it' Punchy handed him the arm

'By golly this is quite a contraption the man said manipulating the duck bills Hey, Van he called 'get a load of this' He sailed the arm across the room to another man

Van failed to catch it and the arm flew through the open doors landing on the concrete terrace usarly rolling into the swimming pool

'Aw c'mon, you shouldn't oughta do that, Punchy said 'Those things is delicate" He ran over retrieved the arm and deftly fixed it to his stub But now it wouldn't work

Punchy removed the arm and propped it in a corner "Aw that's okay" he said 'I'll get it fixed"

Hartford said he was sorry if had happened and handed Punchy another drink Punchy tossed it off in one swallow asked for another then said 'What I should sing'

'Sure thing Hartford said

"Splendid!" said Fran

'Will you 'company me Mrs Forsythe?' Punchy said, and went over to the piano. Then gesturing ludicrously with that one Gargantuan arm, he croaked out a parody of Jolson doing 'Swanee

When the applause and cheers had subsided Punchy said 'Now you want to hear me make like Elvis?"

Later Punchy Hartford said 'First we have a surprise for you I've got a new film Best a good scout said bring some chairs in from the patio I'll get the projector

Hey that's swell Punchy said

When everyone was seated Hartford snapped off the lights and snapped on the projector He ran off a few pornographic cartoons and a short subject then started the feature After about ten minutes, just as the leading lady had started the discobing bit Fran called out 'It's so *stuffy* in here Let's declare an intermission and go outside for a while"

Hartford turned the projector off and the lights back on I could see a look of disappointment on Punchy's face but he didn't say anything

'You people get some drinks and go on out,' Frau said I'm going to change into something cooler Hartford turn on the floods, will you, pet We don't want any of these souses falling in the pool and getting drowned, ha ha And why don't you take the hi-fi out and put on some records I feel like *music*.

Hartford put on some Shearing records and I was half enjoying myself for the first time when Fran came flouncing out. She had changed into something cooler all right—a bikini and a pair of spike heeled plastic slippers

Hartford" she cried 'whatever have you got on that record player? Let's have something with *feeling* She took off the Shearing album and replaced it with 'Voodoo Suite' Then standing poolside she commenced to sway with the soft tom-tom introduction As the beat gained momentum so did Fran and when the growly trumpet came in she went into a grind A very grindy grind

Punchy she called 'come dance with me" Punchy shuffled over and Fran rested her hands on his shoulders continuing to grind while he

just stood there grinning. Then came the low mysterious African chanting, and Fran, slowing again into a sway, began to ripple her fingers up and down Punchy's neck. Now Punchy put his hand on Fran's shoulder and started to move his body awkwardly, trying to match her rhythm. She pulls his arm down around her waist and, still swaying, pressed close against him. Real close. Now she was running one hand through his grizzled black hair.

Suddenly Hartford called from the other side of the terrace. Say! what's going on there? What are you two up to? Punchy drew away from Fran and turned to look at Hartford. As he did so Van crept behind him and got down on all fours. Hartford went dashing over, grabbed Punchy's shirt front, and with feigned ferocity said, 'Unhand my wife you cad. What are you trying to do, break up my home? Think you're pretty hot stuff eh? Maybe this will cool you off.' With that he gave Punchy a very realistic shove.

Punchy of course was plunged into the pool and the audience of course, was plunged into hysterics. Then Hartford said 'Let's go in and finish the movie.'

His wife said she didn't want to go in, she wanted *more music*. Then she went careening over to the record player, kneeled down to select another album and passed out cold.

'Gee, that's too bad, that's too bad,' Punchy said. Then, wrapping that ape-sized arm around her, he carried Mrs Forsythe inside and deposited her on a couch in the den.

'Show time,' Hartford cried, and everyone resumed seats facing the screen. I took a chair in back of Hartford and the projector, and Punchy sat down beside me.

Someone turned off the lights and Hartford started the picture. The room hadn't been dark two minutes when, to my surprise, Punchy slipped out of his seat. My first thought was that he might have become ill but that wasn't it. Other than Punchy, I was apparently the only one in the room not completely absorbed in the film—at least no one else seemed to hear the squeak of couch springs and Punchy's little moans in the den. I suppose I should have said something but my host and his guests were enjoying the show so much that I hated to interrupt.

Maybe Punchy had seen that film before and knew how much time he had. Or perhaps it was fate. In any case he slipped back into his seat less than three minutes before the final scene.

'Lake it, Punchy?' Hartford asked flipping on the lights.

Punchy blinked in the sudden brightness. Then he grinned. 'Sure did, Mr Forsythe,' he said. 'Sure did.'

'Hartford, do you have a blanket?' asked a half-sober female, coming out of the den. 'Fran might catch a cold. Besides, her skirt's become unfastened.'

Hartford went upstairs and returned with a blanket. He also had an armload of bathing suits. 'Swim, anyone?' he asked, and I used the ensuing hubbub as an opportunity to take my leave.

Ralph called me early the next morning and we met for breakfast. 'Sorry I didn't make it last night,' he said. 'Have a good time?'

I shrugged. 'Have you been to many of the Forsythes' parties?'

'Matter of fact, I haven't been to any. As I told you yesterday, I haven't known them too long. Been out there a couple of times for dinner with Forsythe Senior, play golf with them occasionally. I've heard they throw some beauts though.'

I told him to try one sometime, and let the matter drop.

Ralph took the rest of the week off and played chauffeur while I made my calls, and I left without attending any more parties.

However, I did meet the Forsythes once more. I made several other trips to Los Angeles, and on one, about five years later, Ralph and I ran into them in a Vine Street waffle shop—them and their son. A husky black-haired boy he was, and rather handsome. From his size the Forsythes must have decided to start their planned family shortly after the party. Or maybe they had merely been careless. Then again there was one other possibility. On being introduced, the youngster shyly offered me a sturdy right hand. With the left he was scratching a sturdy shin. He wasn't bending over either.

EULOGY FOR A HERO

(*Continued from page 45*)

and get themselves in trouble. Now I don't care how you do it, but you see that she does it my way. Here's the address of the doctor. You have her there Thursday at three o'clock. I'll have one of the boys take care of her family so they don't raise any fuss.'

'*kindness and understanding and generosity*.' Yes Tom Jr remembered his father. And he remembered the pale sickly face of the girl the last time he'd seen her. 'Tell your father he doesn't have to worry any more, Tom.' she told him. 'I'm not going to have a baby. Now or ever — the operation took care of that. I'll never have any children. Yours or anybody else's. Never.'

'*never forget the kindness of Thomas Chumley*.' No his son would never forget. The eulogy continued.

'Indeed was not the sacrifice of his life an act of charity? Was it not a donation of man's most precious possession life itself to the community?'

'This concern which so often manifested itself in his dealings with those less fortunate than himself, which manifested itself in the large sense of his work and his charities, and in the small but equally important manner in which he dealt with individuals. For instance his concern for the welfare of the servants in his household.'

The eighth row of the chapel where the servants of the Chumley household were lined up presented a vista of poker-faces. The complete lack of expression of the well-trained servant was uniform even as the speaker referred to them. But behind the mask of one of them Anna Kauchner upstairs maid, a series of pictures was sliding stereoptically across the screen of her mind. Talking pictures.

'Thomas Chalmers was round in robe and slippers. You're new here aren't you girlie?' He puffed on his cigar and studied the plump *derriere* of Anna Kauchner as she bent over to straighten the covers on the bed.

'Yes sir.'

'Do you like it here?'

'Yes sir.'

'Bonuses at Christmas, raises that sort of thing. We show our appreciation. You take care of us we'll take care of you. You remember that.'

'I will sir.'

'That's a good girl.' Chumley leaned over and gave her a deliberate pat on the buttocks.

That night Anna was awakened by the solid weight of Thomas Chalmers pinning her to the bed.

She gulped a deep breath, prepared to let it out in a shocked scream. His hand over her mouth cut it off before it began. 'Now listen good, girlie.' His lips were moist and eager against her ear. the words coming like hammer blows, impatiently but surely. 'You're not going to scream, or make any kind of a fuss.' His leg was wedged pryingly between hers. His body moved rhythmically atop her. 'You're going to be real nice to me just like I am to you. You know why? Because besides being your boss, I run this city. And I had a little checking done on you. You come from upstate. You had an illegitimate baby back there. I've got the record from the home. you were in. You know what happens if you're not nice to me? First thing you're fired. Second, you're picked up on a charge of soliciting

and that means thirty days in the workhouse. Thirty, if you try to leave town. I send out a bulletin to you to every D. A. and sheriff in the mid-West saying you're a prostitute. So you be nice to me, Anna. You're real nice." He felt her body relax in weary resignation. He took his hand from her mouth and she made no sound. "That's better, girl's. That's just fine," he said. Then he closed his eyes against the hatred staring out at him from her eyes. And he made love to her.

That was the first time. There had been many times after.

"*. . . his concern for the welfare of the servants in his household.*

Many, many times. And every one of them was as searingly bitter in the mind of Anna Kauchner as the day it had been branded there. But there was no emotion on her face as the speaker continued:

". . . a life lived in keeping with his hero's death, a life of devotion to his beloved wife, a life set firmly in the design of high ideals and moral standards . . ."

Standing to one side in the shadows at the back of the chapel, the woman curled her lips in a humorless smile behind her veil. Can this be Thomas Chumley he's talking about? she thought to herself. Can this really be my Ticklish Tommy?

"Oh-ho-ho-ha-ha-ha he-he! Stop! Please, Torchy, stop!" Thomas Chumley's voice was shrill with laughter. "I can't stand being tickled! Cut it out now, Torchy!" He grabbed for the blankets at the bottom of the bed and pulled them over himself as protection.

She stepped away from him and stretched her supple body luxuriously. Chumley's eyes fastened on the flowing curves beneath the filmy negligee. He reached out, grasped the material and tugged. There was a rip and the garment fell to the floor. Torchy stood before him in naked splendor, her full-breasted, plump-lipped body flushed with desire. Oh Tommy! Now see what you've done. You ripped it," she wailed.

"I'll buy you another one. Come here," he commanded.

She giggled and flung herself onto the bed. He buried his mouth between her neck and shoulder and stroked her body with familiar passion. She ran her fingers ticklingly up his spine and he jumped. He pinned both her hands in one of his and forced her to turn over on her back. "Ticklish Tommy," she whispered in his ear and then they made love. Violently, with a basic animalism, they made love.

Later they lay side by side puffing on their cigarettes. "You know something, Tommy," she said. "We belong together."

"Yeah."

"Yeah. I mean just take sex for instance. It's important to both of us. We both like it. And we both like the same things. I mean, most people would think we were just awful if they knew what we do. I think there are even laws against it, aren't there?"

"Yeah."

"But we both get our kicks and the hell with anything else. There aren't many like us around. We should be—now don't laugh—married."

"You're nuts."

"Why? Wouldn't you like to have it like this every night?"

"Sure, but it's impossible."

"I'll bet your wife can't make love like this. I'll bet if you even tried, she'd scream bloody murder."

"You can say that again."

"Then look at it this way, Tommy. You're a rich man. You've got everything you want out of life. The only thing you're lacking is a complete sex life. I can give you that. Why don't you divorce her and marry me?"

"I'll tell you, Torchy, I might be tempted to give it a whirl except for one thing. My wife would never in the world give me a divorce. I can call the shots on everybody in this city except her. She knows too much. She could hang me without lifting her little finger. She likes her place in society, her home, her prestige as my wife. She won't part with those things. And if I tried to force her to, she'd hang me. She's the one person who's got me the way I've got everybody else. She knows too much."

"I know some things too, Tommy."

He sat bolt upright in the bed and looked down at her coldly. "Don't say that, Torchy. Don't even think anything like that. I can have you erased tomorrow. It'd be like you never existed. Don't be greedy, Torchy. Greedy people end up in cement coffins."

"I was only kidding, Tommy. Honest." She stretched her body and wriggled suggestively until the cold light left his eyes. Then she reached up and tickled him tentatively. "Come on, honey, let's have a fun time."

"Okay. Oh-ha-ha-ha, Torchy. Oh you Torchy. Ha-ha-ha-ha."

"*. . . devotion to his beloved wife, a life set firmly in the design of high ideals and moral standards . . .*"

Behind her veil the woman smiled and thought, maybe I was lucky. It just might be that I got off very lucky, indeed. Then she stopped thinking and listened to the eulogy. It was drawing to a close.

That honesty and courage which marked his life were never so clearly shown as in the death of Thomas Chumley. Not in vain, that death by the bullet of a vile murderer, but rather a testament to the intrepid bravery by which he lived.

In the second row the pallbearers were stirring themselves. They sensed that the speech was coming to a close and that soon they would be called upon to play their part in the drama of the funeral service. But one, Joe Riley, second from the aisle, was paying special attention to the words memorializing the act which had led Thomas Chumley to his death. Unadmittedly and inadvertently, Joe Riley had knowledge of the events leading up to that death.

Joe was a Captain in the Police Department. On the night of Chumley's death he had led a raid on a gambling casino on the outskirts of town. He had stationed his men around the place and told them to wait for his signal. Then he had gone in a back entrance and made his way to the manager's office. The reason for this was simple. He had to tip the manager off before the raid so that any prominent citizens could be eased out of the place before the police round-up. Thus was a service the manager paid for regularly. He understood that there had to be raids, he didn't object too much as long as the raids were conducted with discretion and control.

Just outside the door to the manager's office Joe heard voices from within. He recognized them as belonging to the manager and to Thomas Chumley.

"I tough," Chumley was saying. "You'll kick in like everybody else, or you'll be out of business. I've arranged to have you raided tonight, Andrews. This is just a warning. But if you don't up the ante the way I've said, you'll get raided every night instead of just once a month. The cost of living's gone up. You just have to meet it."

"I'm not gonna stand still for this kinda squeeze, Chumley. You're getting too damn greedy. You're forgettin' who put you where you are. The big boys ain't gonna like it. They make you, they can break you. Get too greedy, that's what they do. Make trouble, your wife's a widow and we buy ourselves a new boy."

"Don't threaten me, Andrews. I don't scare easy."

"You don't huh!"

"What the hell are you doing?"

Outside the door Joe Riley could hear the fear in Chumley's voice.

"Seeing how easy you scare. Why you sweatin', Chumley? You seen guns before, aint you?"

"Yeah. Yeah, sure. Look, Andrews, don't be silly. We can talk this over. We can make some kind of compromise settlement. Maybe I was too high in what I asked for before . . ."

Andrews snorted. "Beg you, lily livered toe! Ahh, you disgust me. Look I'm putting the gun back in the drawer. Just you remember it's there. Go back to your side of the tracks and count yourself lucky. An' I don't want no raid tonight, understand? You call it off, or next time I don't

show so much mercy. Go on, get outa here."

Chumley almost bumped into Joe Riley as he pulled the door hurriedly shut behind him. He pulled Joe back from the door and whispered hurriedly in his ear "Joe, I want him killed in this raid. Resisting arrest, anything, but I want him out of the way. You hear? You do as I say, and I'll take care of you. Real good care. Kill him, Joe!"

Joe pulled away from him. "Not on your life," he said emphatically. "Some things I'll play along with, but I won't chance a murder rap for anything. You do your own killing." He pushed through the door to Andrews' office.

It all happened so fast he didn't realize it was happening. Only the look on Andrews' face as he came in made him whirl around to see what was behind him. And what was behind him was Thomas Chumley with a gun in his hand. For a split second it was like a frozen tableau. Then the gun in Chumley's hand was spilling lead and Andrews was slumping in slow-motion down behind the desk.

Riley rushed over to him. He put his hand on where his pulse should have been for a moment. Then— He's dead," he told Chumley.

"Self defense," Chumley said. "You're my witness, huh Joe?"

"I can't take a chance like—" Joe saw Chumley's hand tighten on the revolver, telegraphing his intention to shoot.

"Then I killed him after he killed you," Chumley said softly and leveled the gun at Joe Riley.

Joe grabbed Andrews' gun from the open desk drawer. He fired quickly, his police marksmanship training proving itself in the instantly topping figure of Thomas Chumley.

Joe made sure he was dead. Then he wiped his prints carefully from Andrews' gun, wrapped Andrews' fingers around the barrel and pointed Andrews' arm in the direction of Chumley's body.

Thomas Chumley died a hero's death. Joe Riley told the reporters later. He was killed by a vicious racketeer in the performance of his duty.

Now the eulogy echoed his words: *death by the bullet of a vile murderer — a testament to the intrepid bravery by which he lived.* Joe Riley sighed his relief. His story had never for a moment been doubted.

Joe, and the rest of the mourners, now bowed their heads in response to the speaker's final words — a moment of silence now for one who died as he had lived—honorably and heroically. Rest in peace, Thomas Chumley.

EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 18*)

and discover the perfect jewel. However even the most optimistic man eventually shrugs and gives up. George had just reached that point when the Sloans moved into the empty Wilson House in Pine Grove. And life for George Morrisey began once more in earnest.

Part of the regular procedure for residents of Pine Grove was a sort of welcoming party for new arrivals. The women invited the wife to a cozy tea party, where they could look her over and brief her on the niceties of life in their amiable community. The men held a poker game to which the husband was asked. Bill Sloan was a tall, thin serious young man who wore horn-rimmed glasses and spoke with a faint nasal twang. He fit in with the Pine Grove inhabitants immediately. As a matter of fact, the men liked him so much at the first poker game that they accorded him the honor of doing most of the talking himself.

"What do you do for a hobby, Bill?" one of the men asked after he had confided that he was a high school science teacher.

"Well, right now I'm writing a book about education."

"Say, that sounds interesting! Is there enough new stuff in the field to fill a book?"

"You bet!" Bill Sloan's brown eyes shown with excitement behind the round glasses. "Ever heard of the theory of educating the subconscious?"

"No. What's that?"

"Well, it's sort of a system of pouring knowledge into a relaxed mind. A person who's sleeping for example can absorb a great deal of information without realizing it. There have been many experiments with records played softly into the ear of a sleeping person."

"And—do you mean to say that a person can wake up and know what was taught to him in his sleep?" George asked skeptically.

"That's right!"

"But wouldn't the noise of a record wake him up?"

"Not if it's played softly and steadily."

George Morrisey retreated into silence and the conversation continued around him. The idea appealed to him tremendously. Imagine being able to learn something with absolutely no effort! Why if this guy knew what he was talking about it could revolutionize education! He heard very little more of the conversation for the rest of the evening. Finally at midnight he excused himself with a mumbling good-night and walked home.

Linda was asleep one enticing arm across his pillow and her lovely mouth partially open. "If only she was as good as she looks," George thought for the thousandth time as he crept into bed beside her. The thought was almost a habit, and he dismissed it immediately to ponder further over Bill Sloan's theory.

Suddenly an idea occured to him. "Linda," he whispered softly. She stirred slightly and relaxed again. "Linda," he repeated more softly still. "wash George's socks tomorrow morning." He kept it up.

When George Morrisey returned home the next night, he was shocked for the first time since his wedding night. There blowing serenely in the breeze behind his house, was every sock he owned — hanging neatly from the clothesline. He was as close to fainting as he had ever been. It worked! It actually worked! When he recovered from his initial excitement, he began to make plans for the future. He would suggest something new every night.

By the time Saturday arrived, Linda had done enough new and startling things to make George feel like Thomas Edison proudly gazing on his first electric light bulb. He was a pioneer! On Tuesday she had changed the sheets and vacuumed the house. On Wednesday she had raked the back yard and weeded the front. On Thursday she had actually arisen before him to put up coffee in the morning and then prepared frozen chow mein for dinner. On Friday she had wiped up a glass of milk spilled by their three-year-old without so much as a murmur. It was almost too much — and he had accomplished the transformation all by himself!

Alas! There was one aspect of their married life that he had not even mentioned yet in his nightly talks. Linda was a new person in so many ways that he had almost expected their sex life to change miraculously along with everything else. But George took the failure in his stride as every scientist must. He waited until she had fallen asleep and then he began his whispered chant.

"Linda, you are passionate. You are mad with longing and desire. You are a passionate and exciting woman. You must give in to this feeling of desire." It kept him awake for three hours—longer than he had ever spent on a new topic. He fell asleep exhausted, and dreamed of Linda as a child dreams of the wonders of Christmas.

But poor George was due for more disappointment! He had no sooner mixed a shaker of Martinis on the following evening than the

telephone rang. It was Clara Winthrop, asking if Linda would go to a movie with her.

So Linda escaped the first test, since a disconsolate George fell asleep on the living-room couch watching television, and didn't wake up until the next morning. Far from discouraged, he mapped out a plan of attack for that night. This project, he reasoned, would require patience.

George Morrisey continued his campaign. He hungered by day and talked by night. "You are a passionate woman Linda" he whispered hoarsely "and you must give way to your desires." After two weeks he felt absolutely drained and began to feel that there must be something wrong with his approach. Then a wild idea began to nag at him. Why not consult Bill Sloan? He could word the problem so that Bill wouldn't really know the details—make it a hypothetical problem! Pleased with himself for thinking of it he announced casually one night after dinner that he thought he'd run over and see Bill Sloan.

Linda's head popped up as if she had been struck.

"What on earth for?" she asked.

"I've got something I want to discuss with him."

"We're going over there together tomorrow night for bridge."

"But I want to speak to him privately." George began. He stopped when he noticed the color spreading over Linda's face. "Is something the matter?" he asked slowly.

"Of course not. What could be the matter?" she snapped.

"Well you look upset! What possible difference does it make if I go over there tonight?"

She stood up her face now flaming. "You can't fool me George Morrisey. I refuse to let you make a fool of me. If you have anything to say—say it to me!"

George stared at her. "Like what?" he said softly. "What should I say?"

"I know what you're thinking. Don't try to play innocent with me! You think I'm having an affair with Bill Sloan, and you're going over there to play the outraged husband!" She sat down abruptly at the look of amazement on George's face. Her expression revealed the sudden knowledge that she had made a mistake betrayed herself. The room was absolutely silent.

Unexpectedly there was the sound of hysterical laughter filling the house. George Morrisey was astounded to discover that it was him. He was convulsed on the dining-room chair, laughing with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 25*)

into his hands was put to work earning another *pesets*

Asked if there was anything he liked better than money he once replied "To make money make more money" He soon discovered a much quicker way to make money

The principal source of government revenue in Spain was tobacco. Its import and sale was a government monopoly farmed out to a private company the *Arrendataria de Tabacos* Since there was a huge tax on all products sold by the monopoly tobacco smuggling was a lucrative industry

Night after night small sailboats stole into isolated coves on the rocky coast of Majorca and landed their cargos. The contraband was loaded on mules and transported to caves where it was hidden until arrangements could be made to dispose of it to dealers. The smugglers got their goods in Algiers, where an elderly Majorcan named Garau maintained a tobacco factory

At the age of 22 young March owned a fleet of six ships busily smuggling tobacco into Majorca His profit on each trip was double his investment However he still was not satisfied There was too much competition

The *Arrendataria* began to receive anonymous letters pinpointing the landings of smugglers on the coast. When they came ashore the *cabineros* were waiting Many were shot and killed their ships seized. Those who evaded capture had their cargos hijacked as soon as they hit the beach Caves where contraband was hidden were raided and looted Curiously enough March's shipments were never molested Soon the tobacco he brought in was the only contraband on the market

Disgruntled smugglers were given a choice they could either fight March or join the syndicate he set up to eliminate competition reduce costs and increase profits Most of them surrendered, not realizing that what they got was not peace but a truce As soon as he felt strong enough this shrewd, ruthless money-mad young man booted them out and converted the syndicate into a one-man operation

In March's capable hands the smuggling racket became big business His first step was to replace the slow sailboats with a fleet of motorships fast enough to outrun the coast guard cutters He registered his ships in Gibraltar or Algiers, thus giving them the protection of a foreign flag And he put the *cabineros* on His payroll so that they would not interfere with his operations

His next step was an interview with Garau in Algiers The upshot he became a partner in Garau's tobacco factory Together they constructed subsidiaries in Oran to keep up with greatly expanded smuggling activities By similar tactics March acquired control of the biggest tobacco plantations in French Morocco.

Within 10 years he absolutely controlled every phase of the illicit business in the eastern Mediterranean—from the growing of the plant to the ultimate sale of the manufactured product He owned a fleet of 36 swift motorized ships which smuggled contraband into the Spanish mainland as well as the Baleares and Spanish Morocco

In 1914 a government minister informed the Spanish parliament that March's activities robbed the nation of more than 50 million *pesetas* in revenue every year He confessed that it was impossible to halt the illegal traffic "March's ships are more numerous and faster than those of the government" he asserted

By the time he was 36 the one-time illiterate peasant was the richest man in Majorca and many times a millionaire In addition to his tobacco interests he owned three banks a chemical plant, an oil refinery and several hotels He held a majority interest in the Baleares public utilities and a legitimate shipping line (the *Compania Transmediterranea*) Anything of value on the island he didn't own was mortgaged to one of his banks

A friend once asked the secret of his infallible instinct for investments that paid 100 percent profits March replied "If you were to hide a *peseta* anywhere in this room, the moment I walked in I would go directly to it I can *smell* money!"

During World War I the odor of money hung heavy in the air March was completely neutral he sold chemical products olive oil and oranges to the Allies oil to Germany At frequent intervals German submarines would surface at night off the Majorcan coast and rendezvous with March's tankers. Characteristically the wily pirate played both ends against the middle to double his profits.

It is reported that U-boat commanders were kept informed of the time of departure of his vessels, and their course The old hulks in which he transported supplies to France and Britain were insured at many times their real value En route many of them were torpedoed and March collected the insurance

There is a story that one of his captains changed course without orders and brought his ship safely into Marseilles He was promptly fired.

It is also reported that many a German sub got oil in one tank, water in another The sub never reached port to register a complaint. Allied destroyers responding to a mysterious tip were waiting outside the harbor and blasted the submarine and its crew out of the water

Whatever the truth of these tales by the time the war was over March was the wealthiest man in Spain

Juan March married young soon after he became a tobacco smuggler His bride was a healthy young girl of his own district and class, and she bore him two sons He neither loved nor hated his family, he simply ignored it.

His sexual appetite was voracious. Men who came to his hotel to discuss business frequently had to wait an hour or more because Don Juan was "busy" Presently he would emerge from his bedroom with a girl escort her to the door and thrust a few banknotes into her hand Then he was ready to talk business

His approach to sex was as predatory as it was to business He preferred females he could use for a night or two and discard without trouble when he finished with them common women prostitutes, cabaret girls, chamber maids, etc

He deviated from this pattern only once and it resulted in near disaster

Rafael Garau the son of March's partner in the tobacco factories, lived in Majorca His wife was a lovely woman and March was strongly attracted to her Rafael made extended trips to the mainland to supervise the distribution of contraband tobacco, and during his absence his wife received valuable gifts from Don Juan She promptly returned them without comment The fact that she couldn't be bought merely whetted his appetite

Learning that Rafael was carrying on an affair with an 18-year old girl whom he often took on his trips March relayed the information to the deceived wife In revenge she accepted him as a lover and when her husband returned taunted him with her infidelity A few nights later encountering Don Juan in the street the cuckolded husband beat him within an inch of his life

In April 1916 young Garau made a business trip to Valencia Two nights after his arrival his body was found by the side of a highway just outside the city An autopsy revealed 16 stab wounds In the dead man's pockets were a gold watch and more than 500 *pesetas* in cash indicating to police that

robbery was not the motive for the murder.

Statements were taken from a number of witnesses including Juan March. Shortly after his deposition the judge in charge of the investigation announced that the crime would be solved within 48 hours. The next day the judge was transferred to another province and the crime was never solved.

The dead man's father and brother publicly charged that Juan March had arranged young Garau's assassination. The man they accused simply ignored their accusation. For a while.

In Sept 1918 Garau and his remaining son were arrested by French military authorities at Algiers on a charge of espionage. The basis for the charge was two letters allegedly written to the German consul at Palma offering to turn over "valuable military information in return for cash. For four days father and son sat in prison facing the prospect of death before a firing squad. Investigation finally disclosed that the letters were forgeries and they were set free.

According to the official dossier in the case the man who turned the forged letters over to French authorities was Juan March.

At the end of the war March moved his headquarters to Barcelona and began to extend his tentacles over the rest of Spain. Employing the same ruthless tactics as before, he gobbled up power plants and public utilities, shipyards and drydocks, wineries and breweries, textile factories and sugar refineries. He also expanded his smuggling activities. In addition to tobacco, his ships carried guns and ammunition to the Riffs in Morocco.

The Riffs used these rifles and bullets to kill Spanish soldiers, and drive Spain out of North Africa. The disaster in Morocco paved the way for the dictatorship of Gen. Primo de Rivera.

"We shall implacably punish those who have committed crimes against the Nation, corrupted it and dishonored it," the dictator promised.

High on his list of traitors was the king of the smugglers, Juan March. It was difficult to prove legally that he had armed the Riffs: the ships that smuggled in munitions undoubtedly belonged to March, but they flew the French flag and were ostensibly chartered to French citizens. However there was still that little matter of the unsolved murder of Rafael Garau. The courts in Valencia received orders to reopen the investigation and a warrant was issued for March's arrest on charges of instigating the murder.

Don Juan got word of the warrant before the ink was dry on the signature. Disguised as a priest, he fled across the border and took refuge in Paris. From there he pulled strings to get the case quashed. "Only God is omnipotent, but money is His deputy," he cynically remarked.

March made a deal with the dictator. The judge in charge of the murder investigation suddenly was superseded. The smuggling czar put up bail of 100,000 pesetas and returned to Spain in triumph. Several weeks later the indictment was dropped. To set at rest rightly rumors, Primo de Rivera issued a statement to the press:

"Whatever the source of his great fortune" the dictator declared, "Juan March has placed it at the disposal of the government for patriotic and beneficial purposes. The government denies no one the right to redeem his past and restore his good name by righteous deeds."

How did March "redeem his past"? He financed a new military campaign against the Riffs (whom he previously had armed). He loaned money at low rates of interest to the government (whom he simultaneously robbed of millions in revenue every year). He bought two newspapers in Madrid and one in Palma which enthusiastically supported the dictator. He presented Queen Victoria Eugenia with a magnificent collar of matched pearls.

The new facade of respectability was completed in 1926. He quietly bought up controlling shares of the *Compania Arrendataria de Tabacos* the monopoly he had fought so bitterly for over a quarter of a century. Now he owned the entire tobacco industry of Spain lock, stock and barrel.

Juan March became an important personage. Newspapers no longer labelled him "the notorious smuggler" they respectfully referred to him as "the noted financier." He was the dictator's principal economic advisor and a familiar figure at court receptions, where he was cordially received by the King and Queen. His mistresses no longer were exclusively chambermaids and streetwalkers; they included famous models and actresses. One of them, Tina de Jorque, was said to be the most beautiful woman in Spain.

When the dictatorship fell in 1930 March knew that the monarchy was doomed. And he was determined to survive it. Overnight one of his Madrid newspapers, *La Libertad* became a republican organ. Just in case the other, *Las Informaciones*, remained staunchly monarchist. He handed out liberal subsidies to republican and monarchist parties alike. So the following year when King Alfonso abandoned the throne and Spain became a republic, Juan March was prepared to do business at the old stand. As added insurance, he had himself elected deputy from Majorca to the first republican *Cortes* (parliament).

But the Republic refused to do business with him. In the secret files of Primo de Rivera it discovered evidence of shocking graft and corruption in connection with March's tobacco monopoly, and the concession was annulled. His old enemy Garau produced his books, and for the first time there was legal proof of March's widespread smuggling activities. A group of deputies demanded that he be prosecuted for treason in selling arms to the Riffs. And in a speech before the *Cortes* the Minister of Finance warned:

"Either the Republic punishes March for his crimes, or March will smash the Republic."

The *Cortes* appointed a committee to consider the charges against the tycoon. Soon there was another scandal. Members of the committee revealed that they had been approached by a fellow deputy, Enrique Iglesias, who had tried to bribe them to turn in a report favorable to March. Both March and Iglesias promptly were expelled from the *Cortes*.

Shortly afterward March was arrested and imprisoned in the ancient fortress of Alcala de Henares, about 25 miles from Madrid. He remained in captivity for 17 months. "Surely it's no crime to be a millionaire," he protested.

Evidentally the warden agreed with him. For late one night in November 1933 they walked out of prison together, climbed into March's luxurious Rolls Royce and sped across the border to Gibraltar. The warden was rich and March was free.

The Republic was unable to punish March. Instead as predicted, March smashed the Republic.

The plot for the military uprising that brought about civil war in Spain was hatched in a lavish villa at Biarritz, just across the French border, owned by Juan March. He financed the revolt, negotiated the armed intervention of Italy and Germany, provided the foreign exchange to buy supplies abroad for the rebel armies. Gen. Franco flew from the Canary Islands to head the uprising in a private plane chartered by March. The Moors and Foreign Legion which invaded the mainland from Africa crossed the straits in ships belonging to March.

It is reported that he contributed $60 million to the rebel cause. In return he got a blank check on Spain's economy. He proceeded to cash it as soon as the victorious rebels entered Madrid.

J. March and Co. Ltd. opened offices in London. As official agent of the Spanish government it handled all of Spain's imports, exports and

trade relations with the rest of the world March took over the *Compania Trasatlantica* Spain's biggest shipping line The tobacco monopoly was restored he got the oil monopoly as well Some 500 million tons of Catalan potash the world's largest natural deposit of this important chemical fell into his hands So did valuable coal wolfram tungsten and mercury mines

At the beginning of World War II March openly backed the Nazis Fractionally the entire output of his mines and factories went to Germany under the protection of the Spanish flag his ships earned vital cargos through the Allied blockade to the Nazis In December 1941 the Spanish freighter *Isla de Tenerife* was halted by the FBI and its entire cargo of war materials destined for the Nazis was seized The vessel belonged to Juan March

However in 1944 when it became apparent that the Germans were going to lose the war March switched sides again He persuaded Franco to send him to London to improve trade relations with the Allies His visit created a furor in Parliament Lord Strobolgi asked if the government was aware of this man's notorious background and especially of his activities on behalf of the enemy during two world wars The government replied that it was fully informed but cannot discuss his visit at this time

At the end of the war it was reported that March's private fortune exceeded $500 million Now only 15 years later it has more than doubled A classic example of how the wily ex-pirate has accomplished this is the Catalonian power complex he has built up to supply electricity to most of Spain's industry

The Barcelona Traction Light and Power Co Was a $350 million holding company that controlled a vast network of public utilities throughout Spain It was wholly owned by SOFINA an international utilities combine financed mostly by American Canadian and British investors SOFINA is a Belgian corporation but its headquarters are in New York City

Shortly after the end of the war March's rapacious eye fastened on this extremely lucrative enterprise and his wily brain matured a cunning scheme to annex it to his economic empire He persuaded Franco to ban the export of Barcelona Traction's profits Since the company could not pay interest on its bonds most of them held by investors outside Spain the bonds tumbled in value March snapped them up at cut-rate prices

In 1945 a judge in a little town near Madrid declared Barcelona Traction bankrupt although its assets exceeded liabilities by $250 million Agents were appointed to sell its properties to settle the claims of Spanish creditors There was only one of these Juan March by a curious coincidence the purchaser of the properties was also Juan March He paid $900 000 and took over the entire utility network According to financial experts he made a cool profit of $150 million on this deal

When the Canadian and Belgian ambassadors protested to Franco that this was out and out piracy the Generalissimo blandly replied "No, gentlemen It is merely audacious economic nationalism"

Today the wizened stoop-shouldered bald little economic nationalist lives in medieval splendor in Madrid He also maintains a residence in Geneva and a lavish estate in Majorca, each staffed with a retinue of liveried servants A few years ago he gave his granddaughter a $175,000 debutante party It is reported that he hoped to acquire Prince Rainer of Monaco as a grandson-in-law but his granddaughter lost out to a Philadelphia contractor's daughter

With an eye to the future March has become an ardent monarchist Having outlived one monarchy a dictatorship and a Republic he expects his one-man super state to outlast the dictatorship of Franco

However if worst comes to worst, and Franco is overthrown by a left wing uprising March is ready for it He has enormous sums invested in London and New York holding companies and a Swiss international banking firm And wherever he goes in Spain moored in a nearby port is a heavily armed getaway vessel

Governments may come and governments may go but Juan March marches on forever

SCAMP GOES TO NIGHT COURT

(*Continued from page 40*)

able as Murphy Some come before the bench as gentle as kittens in the hopes that it will touch a soft spot somewhere in the judge's heart and thus help their cases These tactics generally have little effect Witness the case of a man who pleaded guilty to petty larceny

"Have you ever been sent to prison?" asked the judge

"Oh no," the man cried "Oh Judge never never" He began weeping holding a handkerchief to his face

"There there" said the judge comfortingly "You're going to be now"

No other court in the land can approach Night Court for sheer variety of cases. Neighbors have been known to haul each other into court on such esoteric charges as "she blows her nose too loud," or "he sits on his porch and howls back at my dog" A man whose brewery was struck by lightning accused his minister of coercion with God to make it happen A woman filed suit against her son's teacher for telling him that there was no Santa Claus And a girl who was ditched by her date sued for and received her cab fare home There was even a case where a motorist pressed charges against a pedestrian for bumping into his automobile!

Though hardly a night goes by without at least half a dozen oddball cases on the docket, seldom does a night pass without a fair representation of the staples one of which is "suing for support"

The courts have been so lenient recently in favor of the woman that she often feels free to be entirely honest while still being certain that she ll win her case One girl stood before the judge and said plaintively "My boyfriend he say my baby she not his Believe me Joodge is mostly his"

And the slicker dames tell the same story changing the wording only slightly "Your honor" the blase babe will say "I'm having a baby and want support Do you want a complete list or will a few good names be enough?"

Another courtroom staple is the rape charge and often that too is trumped up This led to an angry outburst by one defendant who exploded "Whaddya mean, rape? I offered to pay her then didn't So all it is is breach of contract!"

This brings to mind the case of the old geezer who was accused of rape The court officer read the charge and the official disclaimer informing him that he had the right to contact relatives friends and/or his lawyer He concluded by saying "You are charged with unlawfully violating the honor of Miss Sali Jones How do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The defendant looked up at the judge and grinned "Wall Judge" he drawled, "I'm seventy eight years old, and if you don't mind, I'm so flattered, wall I'll just plead guilty"

Of the cross section of humanity that comes before him every night, the one person a judge dreads above all others is the incoherent witness Drunks be can handle—and does so at the rate of about a hundred per evening—but when a defendant is sober but unintelligible nonetheless it can drive him mad

The case before the bench one night was that of a set of identical twins in a disputed paternity case

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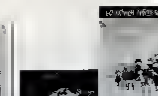

SCAMPERING AROUND

BOOKS AND RECORDS

ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS STORIES FOR LATE AT NIGHT (Random House). This is a huge anthology sure to delight the insomniac, that is if the insomniac has nerves of steel! It consists of twenty-one short stories, two novelettes and one complete novel. Naturally with Alfred Hitchcock's name at the top you can be sure that the stories are bizarre weird way out and downright scary. The true mystery-science fiction fan will be familiar with some of the stories but even the ones that you've read before are worth a second reading. The authors represented include Roald Dahl, Ray Bradbury, Brett Halliday, Margaret Millar (whose novel, *The Iron Gates* does a fantastic job of hair-raising) and Evelyn Waugh. The subjects are of an infinite variety. Haunted houses, witches, ghosts, murderers and a half-man half-fly are just a few. Chosen with obvious care they will provide many evenings of absorption and excitement.

• • •

AT LAST TO KISS AMANDA by Frank Norris (McGraw Hill). This is the gripping story of Jackson Candless who has achieved success in business but who has failed as a person. The suicide of his best friend leads Jay to probe deeply into his past in order to understand the meaning of his life. As he recalls his youth and his climb to the top, the pieces begin to fall into place. Believing himself to be above the law, yet also believing himself to be a "good" man, he assumes a God-like role in the lives of all those about him. The love he has carried in his heart for his cousin, Amanda, leads ultimately to tragedy for himself, his beautiful wife and his friends. As his search for "truth" progresses, Jay is forced to realize that he neither knew nor understood love.

• • •

SYLVIA AND COPPELIA (RCA Victor). Hugo Rignald conducts the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra in a faithful performance of Leo Delibes' popular ballets, *Sylvia* and *Coppelia*. First produced in 1876 *Sylvia* was based on an old myth about the God of love, Eros. The familiar music as with most ballet music, is as enjoyable to listen to as it is to watch.

60 FRENCH GIRLS SING ENCORES (ABC Paramount). The Les Djinns Singers who scored a solid success with their first record *60 French Girls Can't Be Wrong*, are back again and prove once more how right they are. Their voices are a blending of youth, freshness and innocence as they romp through a selection of French songs. Included are the standards, *La Mer* and *The Theme From Moulin Rouge*. A delectable assortment of French pastry.

• • •

C'EST MAGNIFIQUE (Riverside). While you're still in a Parisian mood, here's a collection of songs just made for humming into a perfumed ear as you make like Astaire. Sub-titled Dance Time In Paris with Chauncey Gray and his Orchestra, the tunes are played in brisk dance tempo and range from the familiar *La Seine C'est Si Bon* and *La Vie En Rose* to the less familiar but beautiful *D'Amo De Poet* and *Jai Te Main*. This is French music given the American treatment known as "society dancing".

• • •

GREAT FOR DANCING VOLUME III (ABC Paramount). Continuing the highly successful Great For Dancing series, of which this is Volume Three. The Sociables play forty familiar favorites from the Broadway stage. The composers read like a who's who in music: Rodgers and Hart, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Jerome Kern, Vernon Duke, Cole Porter and Noel Coward. The songs are no less famous and include Oklahoma, Bewitched, My Funny Valentine, This Can't Be Love, My Heart Belongs To Daddy, I'll Follow My Secret Heart and Who? Wonderful songs to put you in a Let's Dance mood!

• • •

DANCE MUSIC FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T DANCE ANYMORE (Riverside). Round out your dance party with this intriguingly titled album featuring Sy Oliver and his Orchestra. Guaranteed to get everyone off the sofa and on the floor. It is aimed primarily at the solid citizen in his late thirties or early forties. The music is reminiscent of the style created by Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey when big band music was IT and we all danced. ●

"How do you tell them apart?" asked the judge, never dreaming what he was getting himself into.

"It's easy," said the mother. "This one"—she pointed to one—"is this one, and that one there is that one."

"Might not this one be this one also?" asked the judge, bringing all his years of judicial logic to bear.

"It might," agreed the mother.

Then of course that one would be that one.

"How," asked the worried judge, "do you separate them?"

"I put one in one room, and the other one in another room."

And how do you know which one is in which room?

"It's easy," said the mother. We just look and see which one is in one room, and then we know the other is in the other room."

"I see," said the judge, though chances were he didn't. There are only two of them though, is that right?"

"Yes," said the mother, smiling. "That makes it easy."

It would seem that sometimes the poor judge just can't win. And this is no better illustrated than by the famous tale of the burglar who came into Night Court to plead his case.

"Judge," began the robber, "I am not guilty of burglary. Burglary consists of breaking and entering, and though I admit I did break the lady's window, I did not enter. I merely reached my arm inside and took her purse which was lying on the table. Since my arm was the only part of me to enter the house surely it isn't fair to punish my whole body for what my arm did."

The judge smiled. Here obviously was a chance for a wiliness that might go down in the law books for years to come. Well then," he said smugly, "I hereby sentence your arm to a year in prison. You can accompany it or not, as you wish."

But it just wasn't the judge's night. The burglar, with an equally broad smile, stood up, unfastened his wooden arm and laid it on the table. Then with a gallant bow to judge and courtroom, he strode out to the street, a free man.

And on that note court is adjourned for this evening.

NEVER IN BED

(*Continued from page 33*)

nobody had ever touched her that way there before because I aroused her tremendously. And her being aroused made me even more aroused. Somewhere along the line her dungarees were down and we were together with a real young unlutored kind of natural violence and I wasn't aware of anything but her body and mine and the surge of feeling that seemed to possess me. Then, just as everything exploded in that wonderful first release of passion, it happened.

Claude paused on the verge of embarrassment.

"What happened?" Doctor Johnson prodded him gently.

Claude laughed nervously. "Hell, I guess it's funny and it all happened so long ago. I don't know why I should still feel like such a damn fool about it. What happened? I'll tell you Doctor. We were so involved that we didn't notice that somebody had let the damn horses back into the stable. Just at the crucial moment one of them backed up to where we were and kicked me right in the—well, right where I deserved it, I suppose.

"What did you do?"

"Well, it was like ice water had been poured over us. We were in our clothes and out of that stable in a jiffy. Alice was crying and she just ran away from me. I tried calling her every day that was left of that summer, but she wouldn't talk to me. I never saw her again."

"I see." Dr. Johnson studied the top of her desk thoughtfully. A slight flush had spread over her cheeks. In spite of her professional detachment, the story had affected her. She shrugged the feeling off and when she continued speaking her voice was impersonal. "Well, Mr. Quinby, I can see why you would have difficulty about sex. Your first experience was extremely traumatic. It's almost as though that horse's kick were a punishment you received for giving in to your passion. Undoubtedly, you were very shy of repeating the experience."

"One kick by a horse under those circumstances is enough for a lifetime," Claude answered drily.

"I didn't mean the kick. I meant the sex experience."

"Oh. Well, no, not really. I mean opportunities are limited around that age, but if anything, I looked for them after that. I wasn't scared. I was eager to repeat it—sans kick, of course. I don't think I succeeded until my first year in college. And it was great, except—"

"Tell me about the second time," Dr. Johnson urged.

"It was with a girl named Gertrude Crankshaw. She was a couple of years older than me, a junior when I was a freshman and she had a reputation for being ever willing—particularly if she was liberally filled with whiskey as a prelude. Gertrude wasn't fat, but there was a lot of her, if you know what I mean. She wore everything a couple of sizes too small and when you'd see her coming across campus, the impression was all mammaries, hips and derriere, held together in a big-boned way and topped with a kind of vapid face with a weak, constantly gum-chewing jaw that seemed to set the rhythm for the perpetual motion of those outstanding parts. She was sexy to the nth degree, but I don't know what more you could say about her.

"In any case, I hoarded my money until I had enough to take Gertrude out and fill her full of booze. When I asked her she said 'Okay' in a way that made it clear she was only going out with me because she had nothing better to do. I didn't care. I knew what I was after.

"I took her to a little roadhouse on the outskirts of town. Then came one of those moments that I still squirm about now quite a few years later. They refused to serve me. I couldn't prove I was over 18—because I wasn't quite. I felt like a real jerk.

"Gertrude didn't help matters any. When we were outside, she looked at me like it was something that needed its diapers changed and said, 'Okay, Junior...what now?'

"I remembered that there was an amusement park nearby and suggested it to her.

"It isn't open yet, Junior, is it?" she asked.

"The season hasn't officially started," I explained 'but they're running a few rides. It might be fun.' I added weakly.

"There won't be anybody there and it'll probably be deader than Grant's tomb," Gertrude observed.

I had to agree.

"Oh well," she said in that off hand, cowlike way she had, 'I'm not going to get a drink anyway. We might as well go there.' Lead on to the kiddie park.

"It was just as dead as she'd predicted. There were maybe 20 people in the whole place and only a few of the rides were running. We tried what there was and there wasn't much to them, but then we gave the roller coaster a whirl.

"Gertrude loved it. I have a fear of heights, but that night I overcame it—and the dizziness of that roller coaster with it. She insisted we go on a second time—and then a third. I was beginning to get used to it by then and like I said, Gertrude loved it.

"'This is better than whiskey,' she screamed at one point when we took a sudden dive. I suppose that remark — that, and the way she wrapped that hot body of hers around me every time the ride got rough—were what made me realize that Gertrude was becoming excited in more ways than one.

"Again?" I asked her and she nodded agreement and we were off on a fourth ride. This time I pressed hard to see how far she'd let me go in the thrill of the ride. It turned out to be further than I'd thought. She held my first, tentative kiss all the way through one long dip. On the next one she shrugged aside her bra strap pushed my hands against her inside the sweater and squeezed them as tight against her as though they and not the guard-rail in the car were keping her from falling out. On the upgrade, I followed the wind blowing her skirt up those fleshy thighs and I'll swear she couldn't have reached more eagerly if I'd piled her with a quart of whiskey.

When we got down to earth I asked her if she wanted to loop-the-loops again. She just nodded breathlessly.

"Just a minute then" I told her and hopped out of the car I dashed up to the guy who was running the mechanism of the coaster "Mac," I said "I want to get stuck up on top for about fifteen minutes towards the end of the ride."

It ll cost you five bucks, he told me.

"I was in no mood to bargain I paid the five and we were off again. By the time we got to the top of that last, long drop we were worked up to a fever-pitch. "Why are we stopped?" Gertrude asked.

"Does it matter?" I answered and pressed my body against hers. She responded—well, I guess frantically is the only way to describe it. Her breath was hot in my ear and so were the words she whispered to urge me on I didn't need much urging. Then just as that cry of ultimate passion tore loose from her throat to be matched by my own, the roller coaster gave a sickening lurch and I plunged into absolute blackness I don't know what it was. Maybe the combination of sex and too much roller coaster. Maybe just the unexpectedness of it at just the wrong moment. Maybe the fact that from a standing-still position we were suddenly in a screaming dive at 90 or so miles an hour. Anyway, it was the only time in my life I ever passed out.

I came to in a First Aid station in the park. Gertrude was gone. The guy in charge there gave me a real smirk and informed me that he had been good enough to zip me up before bringing me to.

I called Gertrude once after that. In that bored way of hers, she let me know she thought I was downright unmanly I never asked her out again."

"Wild!" The word escaped Dr Johnson's lips before she had a chance to censor. She immediately reverted to a more analyst-like atti-

tude "Well, Mr. Quinby, your problem is beginning to take form. With your first two experiences ending painfully, it's only natural that you should develop a fear complex about sex. You probably became frightened and I imagine it was some time before you ventured a third attempt."

"You're wrong. I wasn't scared of sex then and, as far as I'm aware I'm not new. You're putting the stress on the wrong aspect—well maybe not altogether but in the wrong way, anyway. Far from being frightened by those first two times I was eager to have another go."

"I see. Tell about the third time" Dr Johnson restrained an impulse to wet her lips with her tongue

"Well it was while I was still in college a girl named—Oh hell! What's the point? Then you'll want to hear about the fourth and the fifth and so on. It's the over-all pattern that's important. Let me fill you in on that"

Dr Johnson didn't show her disappointment "Whichever way is easiest for you Mr Quinby"

"Okay. In short there were four or five other experiences while I was in college And always the same damn pattern Once in a canoe—at the crucial moment the canoe turned over What else? Another time in the back of a car that was being driven by my roommate He'd sopped up a little too much suds and just when I hit the peak of my passion he hit a tree Another time at a wild weekend sorority party in a closet—yes standing up and don't knock it—and just as that little Indian-Mermaid problem of How was solved with a satisfied war whoop somebody opened the closet door and I was tomahawked with a ski pole that came bouncing down from the shelf above us. You get the picture?"

"I get the picture You were accident prone" Dr Johnson observed professionally

"Prone—and standing up too don't forget that Anyway I figured that once I was out of college and set up in my own bachelor apartment, all this nonsense would stop Practically the first thing I bought for that apartment was a great big, luxurious double-bed with an over-stuffed mattress That was three years ago Dammit, Doctor!" Claude pounded his fist as his emotional frustration came to the fore "Dammit Do you know I've never done anything in that damn bed—or any other for that matter—except sleep

Perhaps it's just for lack of a suitable companion Dr Johnson suggested delicately

Not exactly I mean, this city's full of willing females and I've known my share of them But somehow I can't break the pattern It's sort of a crazy, twofold pattern My first problem is that somehow I can't seem to ever have sex in bed The second one is that always at the ultimate moment something painful, or at the least damned unpleasant happens to me Oh, I could tell you stories . . .

"Please do That's what you're here for Dr Johnson's interest perked up

"Well there was the time right after I got settled in my own place when I had this cute little secretary up for dinner It was a hot night and after dinner we had our drinks out on the fire escape Well, one drink led to another and one pass led to another and pretty soon we were at it hot and heavy Let's go inside' I said finally a picture of my nice white snowy bed vivid in my mind

"No' she panted 'Out here under the stars Oh now Now Now!'

"It was no time to argue So then and there on the fire escape You can guess what happened, can't you?"

"I'm not sure I can," Dr Johnson said softly

"Somebody dropped a flower pot —at the crucial moment, as usual"

"I see"

"That's how it goes with me Once in the stock room in the office during a Christmas party we fell to the floor locked in that drunken moment of passion me and a real doll I'd been working on all year This was it. So—"

"So?"

"So I landed on a paper cutter somebody'd shoved out of the way there and I had to have six stitches taken in the same spot that horse had kicked me

"I tell you I can't take much more of this. Snakes that wriggle their way into a sleeping bag for two and bite at just the wrong moment, luxury liners that hit a hurricane just when I'm making it with the belle of the cruise hunting lodges where the fireplace backs up just when I'm scoring on the bearskin rug, hammocks that collapse bannisters that give way French poodles that crawl out from under loveseats to bite ferociously hansom cabbies who empty the flaming embers of their pipes all over me just as we're jogging to the end of the ride trucks that mistakenly deliver coal to furnished cellars where I'm being instructed in the amatory possibilities of a ping-pong table—I tell you I just can't take any more of this The last time was the straw the absolute back-busting straw!

"Tell me about it" Dr Johnson didn't even try to conceal her interest and the catch in her voice was decidedly non-professional

"I can't I just can't

"Of course you can," she insisted.

Claude was silent.

"When was it?" Dr Johnson prompted

"Last week Tuesday night."

"Who was the girl?"

"Lana Revere. She's a showgirl. Tall, perfectly proportioned redhead Bosomy long-legged hippy in a sultry kind of way. Real class, strictly front line I'd been after her for about three months and finally I wined her and wined her and got her up to my place to hear some rare jazz records I'd packed up And then— Claude controlled the impulse to sob

With bated breath Dr Johnson asked the $64 000 question "What happened?"

Claude got hold of himself "Well, she was really impressed with my place Particularly with one part of it We listened to the records and had a few more drinks and pretty soon I made my pitch and she was agreeable What I mean is, this girl had been around and knew the score She knew I liked her and she like me and it was as simple and natural as that."

"What happened?" Dr Johnson repeated insistently

"Finally I said 'Let's' and she said 'Okay' and I started to lead her to the bedroom But to get there we had to pass that thing in my apartment she was so impressed with 'Oooh!' she said. 'Let's go there!' For a moment I almost flipped my lid and screamed at her 'Let's use the bed,' I said and it came out almost pleadingly Oh anybody can make love in bed she said 'but how many people can love there?' She pointed to the damned thing I wanted to shout and rant that maybe anybody else could make love in bed but I never seemed to But even more than that I wanted to make love to Lana, no matter what or where So I just kept quiet and followed her to the place she'd selected

"Where? Was it merely impatience that was making Dr Johnson squirm in her swivel chair?

"In the stall shower Claude's voice broke as he said it. 'In this damn, modern glassed-in needle-point spray stall shower' He was almost sobbing as he continued.

"And And just at the cru— the crucial moment just then I b-bumped up against the hot-water tap and she managed to jump out b-but I all but scalded m-myself and I had to go to the d-doctor and be treated

" Claude broke down completely

Dr Joanna Johnson came out from behind her desk Even in his nerve wracked state Claude couldn't help noticing how very blonde and desirable she was There, there, she comforted him Everything will

be all right now that you've gotten it out of your system." She patted him reassuringly on the cheek and suddenly his face was buried in the cleft of her full bosom. The thin material of her blouse seemed to dissolve under Claude's tears. And to Claude it seemed as though the flesh he was pressed against was becoming molten and consuming it the same time beneath his cheek.

He raised his head and their eyes met. Each immediately recognized the full measure of desire in the other. "I want you," Claude said.

"I want you too."

"I want you, Dr Joanna Johnson answered. But I'm a psychoanalyst. You're my patient. It isn't right. I shouldn't . . ."

"Nonsense!" Claude said firmly. "We're both adults. Why should we fight against something we both want? Why should we deny ourselves?"

"You're right," Dr Joanna Johnson said. "You're right." And she pressed her mouth to his in a fervent seal of passion. When they broke apart, she looked at him silently and seriously for a moment and then she led him over to the couch.

"Don't you— Don't you have a bed?" Claude's voice was wistful.

Joanna shook her head mournfully. "Oh, well," Claude sighed. "At least it's a couch. I'm getting closer."

And they fell to the couch, locked in an embrace, their arms slowly building a pile of discarded clothing on the floor until Joanna held Claude off a moment and looked into his eyes and said, "Now!" the first time. Awhile later she repeated the word a second time in a tone of absolute ecstasy and Claude echoed it even more wildly.

That's when it happened.

In his fervor his shoulder cracked against the wall and jarred loose a heavily glassed, framed diploma certifying that Dr Joanna Johnson had been awarded her master's degree in psychology. This object broke neatly over Claude's head right—you guessed it—at the crucial moment.

Dr Johnson arose from the couch. She surveyed the neatly framed unconscious visage of Claude Quinby. "Oh, well," she sighed to herself. "The operation was a failure but the patient lived." She took the pitcher of ice water from her desktop and doused him with it.

THOSE EXISTENTIALIST LOVERS

(Continued from page 59)

Champs Elysees play dazzlingly with their soft little whispering sounds, when the Existentialist crowd gathers at *Le Deux Magot* where Sartre wrote Red Hands and where he still arts every afternoon writing, when the homosexual young men stroll, hand in hand along the boulevards when the openly Lesbian young women kiss one another fondly sitting side by side at the little tables—then one has a panoramic glimpse of this Existentialist world that was ushered in after the second world war and which is being ushered out firmly by Puritanical de Gaulle and by a France beset by financial woes and suddenly impatient of the image of itself which the Existentialists have painted for the world.

Existentialist views may sound appealing, but one wonders about whether Existentialist freedom is something they want or something that is imposed on them. Francois Sagan is not a beautiful young girl. Growing up she was a lonely child whose closest companion was her brother. Fame catapulted her into the limelight and into the dizzying round of Paris partner which are the reward of every French writer whose books make money. But she was still as shy as afraid of sex and of men, as she ever was.

Juliette Greco is beautiful in a strange off-beat way but she never thought she was. She has a beautiful mouth, sloe eyes and a white, white skin. But before Daryl Zanuck made her comb her hair Greco could be found in the Paris cellar cafes with her hair combed forward over her face. "Why?" she was asked. "Because," she said. "I want to hide. I hate myself and I want to hide, so I comb my hair over my face."

The French playwrights from Beckett to Anouilh took up the cry of "Down with marriage" and some of the bitterest satires on marriage ever to be produced have been howling successes in France and in America too, where such Existentialist plays as "Waltz of the Toreadors" played night after night to a full house. One of the best lines in the play is delivered by an old maid who is finally going to be married and who says triumphantly, "Now I will have my little dog collar too, and everyone will know I belong to someone!"

But the sad truth is that the Existentialists are growing up and growing old. They have had perhaps too much of a good thing. They have poked fun at existing institutions and then lamented the fact that without the institutions they found themselves alone, excluded and they didn't like their solitary state any more than they did conformity. One by one they have crept back into the fold. Albert Camus, before his death, was declaiming and writing that people did need religion, after all. Miss Sagan's latest novel made a hero of an older man and admitted people over twenty could enjoy sex and even be rather good at it. Andre Malraux became a stand Minister of Education—which means propaganda—in the French government and didn't resign as once he would have done when the new order in France seized books and newspapers that carried articles critical of de Gaulle. Once they said of Malraux, "Whenever he hears of a revolution somewhere he packs his machine gun and his typewriter and he's off." Nowadays, driving to his office in the French Ministry on the Quai D'Orsay in a long black government-owned limousine, Monsieur Malraux has put away his machine gun for good.

He is perhaps, symbolic of his nation. For a long time France has been in a cultural twilight. It has indeed become the home of the Mandarins, and as Oswald Spengler said of this, "Just before a nation is ready to die, it becomes a land of Mandarins—people who think and write and talk and do nothing."

And Existentialism, which is not a philosophy but a label for several different revolts against traditional philosophy was their intellectual justification. It was Jean Paul Sartre sitting at his favorite table in the *Cafe deux Magots* who popularized it by making it an excuse for sexual license. He wrote a book on Existential Psychoanalysis which recommends that no one feel responsible for anyone but himself or seek other than his own gratification. It was a book warmly welcomed by the Existentialist lovers and seemed to cheer them on.

However they have found that love without marriage means the man walks out when he's bored. But women were women long before they were Existentialists and they naturally seek security. As a result the leading exponents of Existentialism have ended up being very thoroughly and even smugly, if not always happily married.

It is still said in Paris that a young girl is fortunate indeed if she has a lover. The homosexual lovers still don't rate a second glance as they hold hands at the table beneath the awnings of their favorite cafe. But a change has come to France. The Existentialists are growing bored with free love. From here on in the female Existentialist, at least, seems determined to get paid off in wedding rings.

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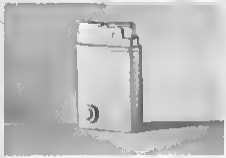

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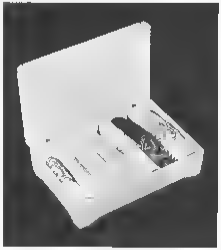

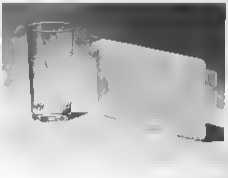

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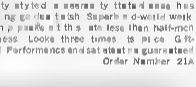

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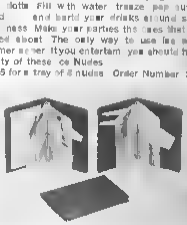

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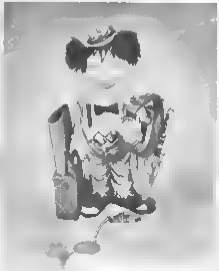

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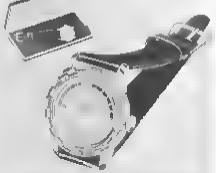

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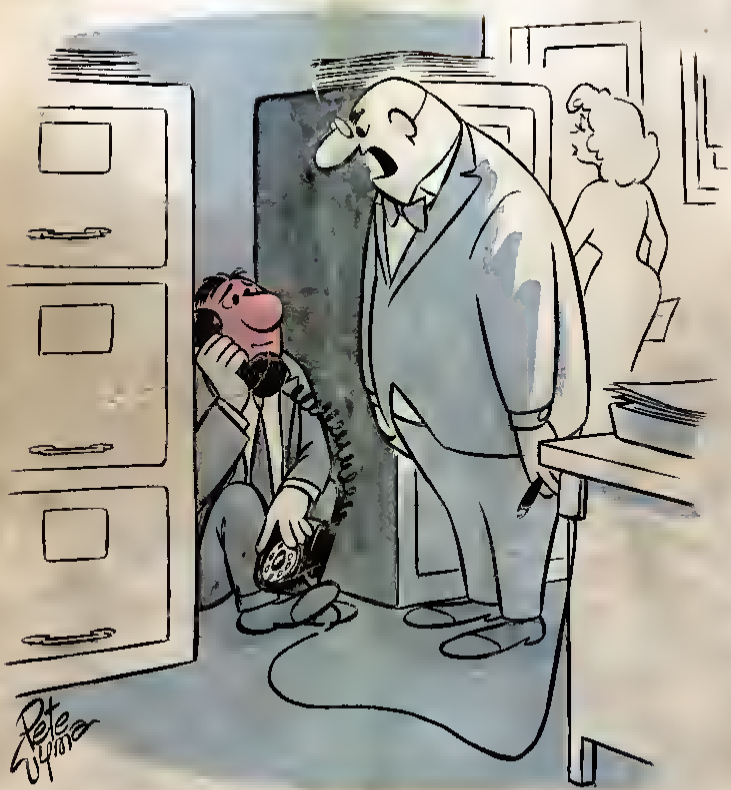

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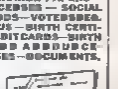

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It was the wildest of wingdings with the wittiest of people, but Punchy came on like the all-time fall-guy and proved the old saw about laughing last!

LIFE OF THE PARTY

BY JULIAN DROWS

THE BELLBOY had no more than pocketed my fifty cents and closed the door when the phone rang. It almost had to be my brother Ralph. I didn't know anyone else in Los Angeles. He was just as rambly as ever, but his voice sounded good. I hadn't seen him for three years and was looking forward to an evening of bashing over old times.

"Hiya, Les!" he said. "See you got the room all right. Glad you're here, boy. How's Gladys and the kids? Listen, old buddy, I hate to do this to you, but I'm held up. Don't know when I can get away. But jot this address down. 1794 Mar Vista. It's in the Sunset hills. Grab a cab and go on out there. You'll enjoy it."

I jotted the number down, told him I was glad to be there, too, that Gladys was fine and sent her regards, and that I didn't like to sound like an old scoop but I'd appreciate his telling me what it was I'd enjoy at 1794 Mar Vista.

Ralph chuckled. "I'm sorry. Couple I know are tossing a wingding. Hartford and Fran Forsythe. Anniversary, I think—haven't known 'em too long. His old man's a client of mine—TV wheel. You'll meet some interesting people."

"Geez, Ralph, you know how I am about meeting strangers. I have a book I'd like to finish, why don't—"

"Don't be a cube. You can read books in North Platte. I'll try to get there before it's over. Explain to the Forsythes, huh? I told them I'd be bringing you. If I don't make it, I'll see you first thing tomorrow. Okay?"

Ralph always had been able to outtalk me. "Okay," I said. "What time do I get there?"

"Oh, sixish. It's cocktails and dinner. Have fun."

Yeah. I could just visualize myself having fun slinking around in a houseful of Sunset Hilliard chattering away over my head.

I dawdled in the shower, went downstairs and had dinner, dawdled over it and got there the latter part of sevenish. I'm not much of a party man, but I've been to enough to know what (Continued on page 60)